THE BYSTANDER
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SEPTEMBER 30, 1931

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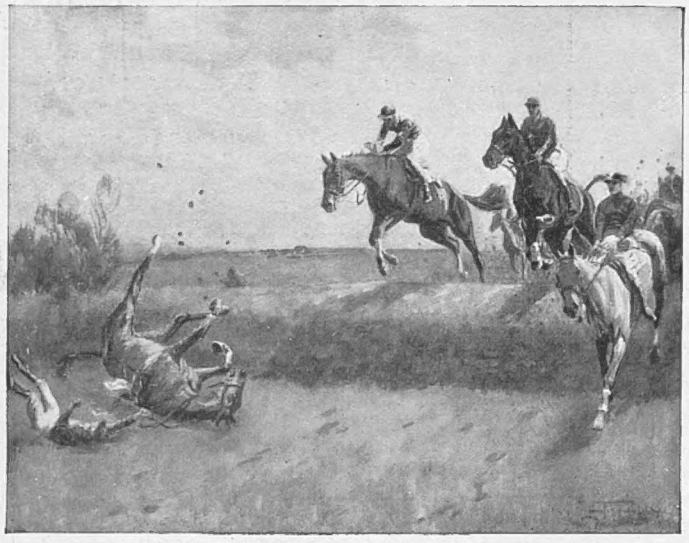

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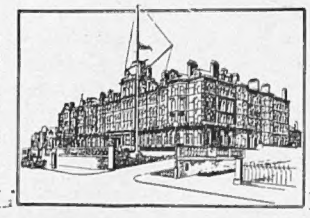

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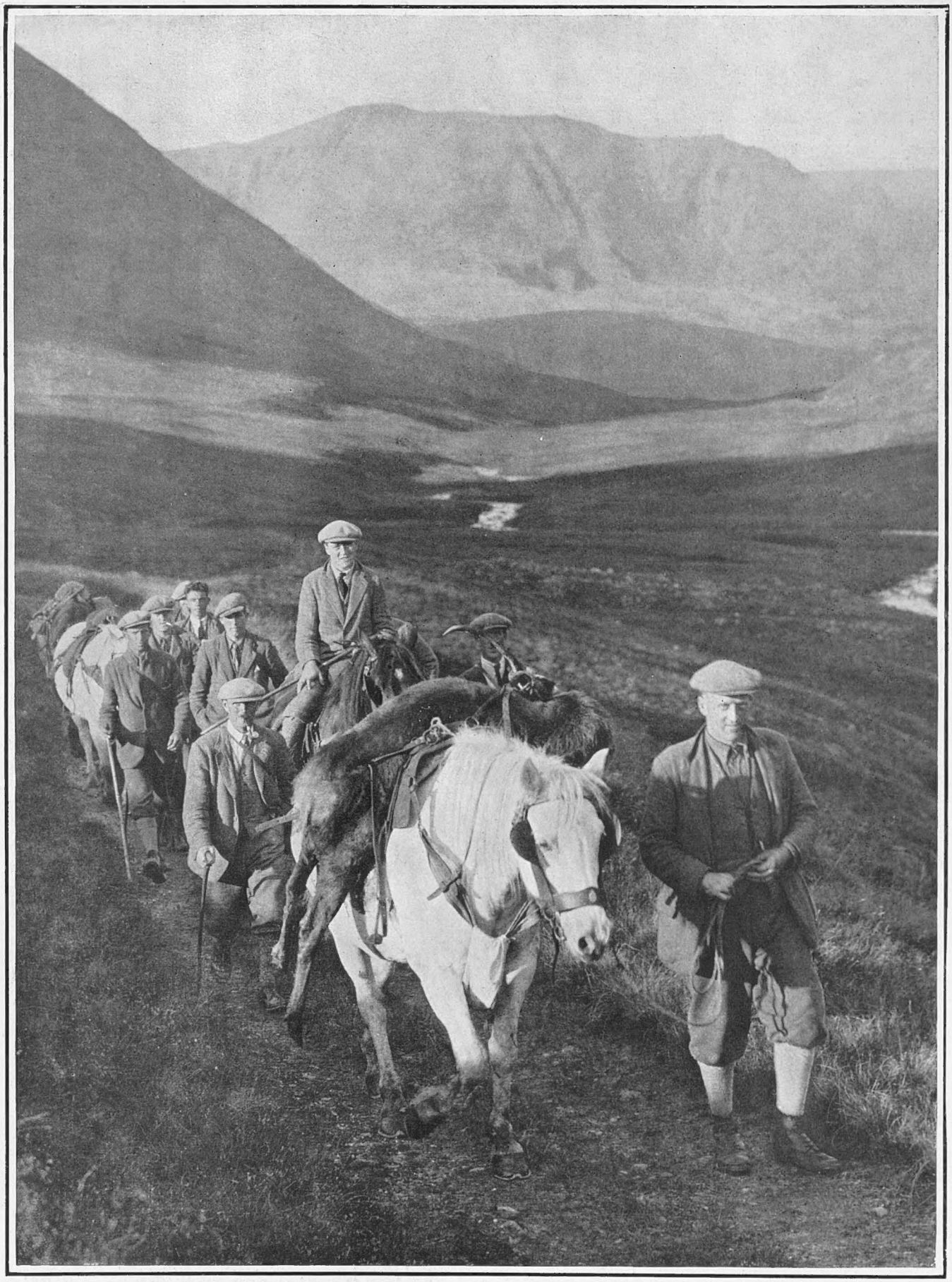
The Bystander, September 30, 1931

the BYSTANDER

No. 1450. Vol. CXI.

H.H. THE BEGUM AGA KHAN

A recent portrait of the charming wife of the Aga Khan. It is shown by Mr. Hay Wrightson at the Professional Photographers' Association Exhibition, which opened at the Princes Galleries on September 4



IN GLEN ISLA

Homeward bound with the spoils of the chase after a day's stalking in the Tulchan deer forest which the Earl of Airlie has let for the season to Mr. Eastman Bell. On the second horse is Master Gunther, who brought down a fifteen-stone stag during the day

The South African Rugby footballers are now with us and they will certainly give the Selection Committees of our home counties furiously to think, for they are a stiff proposition for any XV to tackle. At present Ireland holds the Rugby Championship, whilst England finds herself the far-from-happy possessor of the Wooden Spoon, but a lot can happen in the course of a year, and, with the Springboks waiting to pounce, English Rugger will be more anxious than ever to wipe out last season's ignominy

the passing hour

NEXT WEEK
Enlarged Hunting No.
With many special features, including List of Foxnounds and coloured plates

WHAT a very different London it is to be sure, compared with this time last week—and all because of the Gold Standard! One's bank manager even smiles. Stockbrokers are so cheerful that they do not mind—very much—losing their extra half-day. Restaurants are full and will be fuller. It will not surprise me in the least if the Prince of Wales, who decided a few days ago not to dine out and dance out "until things got better," has already made up his mind, in view of the great rise in industrial securities and the general optimism, that things are already sufficiently better for him to enjoy himself in the evening again.

S

THE reopening of the Embassy Club a few days ago was a brilliant affair. The only noticeable absentees were Lady Furness, the Blandfords, Mr. Victor Gordon-Lennox, Mr. Dale Bourne, and Captain Barnato. The other regulars were all there—Lady Louis Mountbatten, Lord Brecknock, Miss Margaret Whigham, Mr. Jim Lawrence, Mrs. Alexander McCorquodale, Lord Queensberry, Colonel Egerton and his wife, Mrs. Sainsbury, as well as the Ranee of Pudukota with her dark and extremely clever young son, the Baroness Worontsoff (better known as Bobby Naes), Miss Mala Brand, Mrs. Melville Russell-Cooke, and Lord Londonderry—in a dinner-jacket.

S

PRICES have come down fast at the Embassy. Cocktails are not only 1*s.* 6*d.*, which is quite enough anywhere. Luncheon has dropped from 8*s.* 6*d.* to 6*s.* 6*d.*, and dinner from a guinea to 15*s.* 6*d.* Nobile told me that, anticipating an extra tax on cigars, he has taken several thousand pounds' worth out of bond. The Embassy, by the way, now has a slightly different lighting effect—consisting chiefly of an extra tint of pink—which makes the men look cleaner and the women smarter than ever.

S

I SAW Lady Louis Mountbatten the following evening at the gala of Quaglino, who was

The Duchess of York addressing the large audience at Belmont Castle, Meigle, when she opened it as an Eventide Home of the Church of Scotland. The Dowager Countess of Airlie is seen with her on the platform

LONDON HERSELF AGAIN — A SPIRIT OF

Sasha

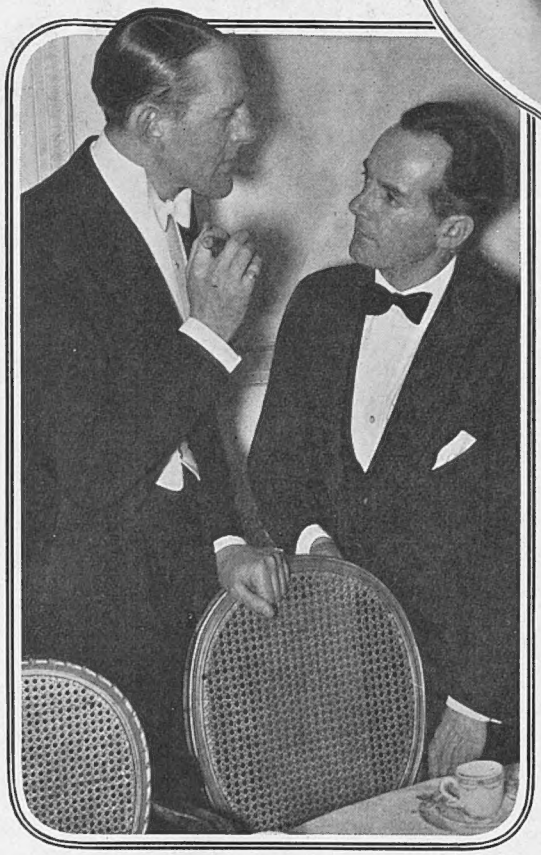
Miss Granata Muller, who is starring in the film, "Sunshine Susie," which Mr. Victor Saville is producing, and Mr. Mark Ostrer at the Kit-Cat. They were among the many guests who attended the supper given to celebrate the pre-view of the British film, "The Ghost Train"

Sasha

Miss Cicely Courtneidge, who stars in "The Ghost Train," and Mr. Walter Forde, who produced it, snapped at the Kit-Cat supper party. They are probably discussing some of the most successful railway points in this film, which is a remarkably good one

Sasha

(Right) Edna Best feeling her best at the "Ghost Train" party at the Kit-Cat whilst telling Messrs. Michael Balcon and C. M. Woolfe, the film magnates, that her next film is going to cost them a higher salary!



Sasha

Also at the Kit-Cat. Jack Hulbert and Donald Calthrop, both of whom are playing in the film of "The Ghost Train." They are not arguing over the possession of one of the seats of the mighty, but merely enjoying a friendly chat

celebrating the new décor of his restaurant created by the Marquis de Casa Maury. It is very pretty and fanciful, with concealed light coming from serrated circles in the ceiling, and new chandeliers, and a heliotrope design near the door, and silver walls in what used to be the back room. It is all very pretty—pink and blue and olive-green. Its advantage, or disadvantage, is that it is so decorative that the women's frocks do not matter at all. The eye is caught by the background to the exclusion of everything else.

S

FOR a woman with a lot of smart Paris frocks this is a pity. For those who cannot afford new gowns it is a great blessing. Not even their escorts will notice what they wear. Perhaps I am old-fashioned, but I believe I still prefer the old-fashioned gilt and marble and palm trees of the Ritz. Lovely

ADDING TO TH

Mr. Clifford Whitley escorting Miss Jeannett Hotel into Hyde Park for a ride. Miss MacDonald as some thought. Unlike most film stars, she has bee very popula

CHEERFULNESS AND GAIETY EVERYWHERE

GANDHI ADDS TO THE JOYS OF LONDON

Attended by his enormous entourage of detectives, aides-de-camp, and Mrs. Naidu, the Parsee poetess, the Mahatma patronises the West End at Knightsbridge, complete with loin-cloth, sandals, and a few other gadgets

AIETY OF LONDON

lacDonald, the film star, from the Dorchester rse ran away with her, but it was not a film stunt, great success on the stage at the Dominion, and is erywhere

dresses look still more lovely against this background.

S

To revert to Quaglino's, the "chi chi" of which I spoke last week was the serving of small bottles of eau de Cologne with the finger-bowls. Not everyone knew what to do with it. But at least no one drank it. Almost more important than the new décor is the orchestra, which I place in the first flight of London dance-combinations. And how important it is to give people good dance-music. It is always more of a draw than the best cabaret. They tell me, incidentally, that the best dance-band in London now is Paul Winnicke's, at the Piccadilly, who constantly play slow fox-trots instead of the rapid ragtime that everyone dislikes. If managements realised that the right *tempo* brings hundreds of pounds into their restaurants they would be more careful to see they keep out the wrong and noisy brass stuff.

S

I HAVE always liked the orchestras at the Embassy, the May Fair, and the Café de Paris. There is another good one at the Berkeley. At each of the last-named places they have a negress singing. But orchestras are temperamental. Sometimes they go unaccountably stale. Try as they may, they do not get the rhythm any more. For that reason the new Cuban stuff will be a god-send to them. It is almost nothing but rhythm. For how often do you hear people say, "Let's go to so-and-so and *dance*." All they say is "What about so-and-so's? There is some new singer there." But they only say that because, on the whole, dance-music in London has deteriorated considerably in the last six months or a year. The place, of course, for dancing only for dancing's sake is the Royal Palace Hotel, Kensington.

S

BY the time these words appear in print a piquant problem will have been solved—or not. It is one in which hundreds of people who were on the Riviera last month are interested. It revolves

Mrs. R. A. McLean with her pet goshawk, which she has trained in the manner of the old-time falcons. She and her husband have been entertaining a shooting party, including the Prince of Lichtenstein, near Kincraig in Inverness-shire

DODGING QUARANTINE BY AIR

round a dachshund, well known in London, whose ex-M.P. owner took it to Antibes. Now everybody knows that the law, though it allows you to take a dog out of the country, compels you to leave it in quarantine for six months on its return. This particular gentleman has boasted openly that his dachshund will be back long before that. It is going to be smuggled over in an aeroplane.

Some of Mr. Frank H. Taylor's shooting party at Invercauld House, Braemar, snapped by Colonel Nicholl, one of the members. Standing are Miss Quest (left), Mr. C. Williams, Mr. R. Bett, Mr. G. Tate, Miss Bett, Mr. Dennis Taylor and Miss Perkin. Sitting: Mrs. Dennis Taylor (left), Mr. H. Kendall, Mr. Frank H. Taylor and Mrs. H. Iltid Nicholl

Hay Wrightson

MISS MARGARET WILBERFORCE

Whose engagement has been announced to Lord Illingworth of Denton, who was Postmaster General from 1916 to 1921. She is the daughter of the late Mr. W. B. Wilberforce and of Mrs. Wilberforce of Markington Hall, Yorks

Hay Wrightson

MISS CYNTHIA SKIPWITH

The younger daughter of the late Major Frank Peyton Skipwith and the Hon. Mrs. Gordon Cardew, of the Park House, Killiney, Co. Dublin. She is engaged to Mr. Desmond Shaw Smith, of Ballawley Park, Dundrum, in the same county

IF he does so, it will be at his own risk. What the penalty is I do not know, but at least one Guards' officer has told me that he intends to inform the police if he sees it inside the next six months in England. "If the rest of us obey the law, why the devil should anyone else get away with it, and possibly bring rabies into the country?" is his argument. And as he is a man of his word, I shall not be at all surprised if a prosecution of this nature occurs, but probably the owner will think better of his idea. We all agree that the present quarantine law for dogs is ridiculous.

WHILE industry is chortling over our action in going off the Gold Standard, this is a bitter blow for the hundreds of our retired Army officers and Civil Servants who live on tiny pensions on the Continent. Dinard and Knocke are two favourite spots for them to congregate. Generals in Dinard are two a penny. Captains and Majors are equally numerous at Knocke. If

Count Edmond Charles Richard Taaffe, of Ellischau Castle, Bohemia, photographed in Dublin with his fiancée, Miss Grace MacLaughlin. He is the only son of the late Henry Count Taaffe, 12th Viscount Taaffe and Baron of Ballymonte in the Peerage of Ireland

NOTABLE ENGAGEMENTS OF THE MONTH

D. Wilson Laing

Sir George Dolby and members of his shooting party photographed before a day's sport at Kindrogan. The group comprises the Rev. E. G. Reid, Mr. and Mrs. D. Pym, Sir George and Lady Dolby, Miss K. Dolby, Mr. Reginald Dolby, Mr. B. Wise, Colonel A. G. Shaw, of Stoke Poges, Mr. Patrick Balfour and Mr. Charles Hay

Lady May Cambridge, the only child of Princess Alice and Major General the Earl of Athlone, and her fiancé, Capt. Henry Abel Smith. They are to be married on October 24 in the sixteenth-century parish church of Balcombe, in Sussex

the pound shrinks to three-quarters of its nominal value, they are going to be very hard put to it to eke out their slender existence. Many of them will have to give up their beloved golf. Many of them will be compelled to come back and live in England.

ONE of the immediate signs of the altered state of affairs in England, I find, is that—except possibly at the Devonshire, the Portland and White's, everybody is playing for lower stakes at contract, and finding that it is just as good fun winning a shilling-a-hundred rubber as it was when winning a half-crown one. At golf also people are beginning to play for a ball again instead of for a pound for each of the nine holes and another pound on the match. It was not so long ago, on certain courses near London, that a four-ball match on which £250 depended was by no means unusual. Now a match for a tenner is a rarity. Club sweeps on golf tournaments are also going to shrink enormously.

RACING HINTS. By "OLD ORKNEY"

TULLYBRO will pay to follow. Was confidently backed to win at Leicester. Ran well for four furlongs and then became unbalanced. Finished fourth.

FARA has many faithful followers, who have on more than one occasion lost heavily on her. Was considered a "good thing" at York, but was beaten on the post. Do not desert her.

VERMELLA is weighted to win a handicap. In the market at Leicester there was a continuous demand for her.

YE OLDE LEATHER BOTTEL was well expected at Gatwick, "job" money returning from the offices.

STONETOI started joint favourite for the Rockingham Handicap (one mile six furlongs) at York and finished second to the consistent Scottish Fusilier.

HAVE A CARE filly, having benefited from her race at Doncaster, should be supported if seen out at Newmarket.

Bassano

MISS BETTY DEBENHAM

One of this year's debutantes, whose engagement to Mr. Patrick Waters, only son of Colonel E. E. Waters and of Mrs. Waters, has been made known. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Debenham, of Buckingham Gate

Lenare

MISS MARGARET THORMAN

The elder daughter of the late Mr. W. H. Thorman and of Mrs. Wilbye Cooper, of North Cave, East Yorkshire, is to marry Mr. Horace Wright. He is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Wright, The Tower House, North Ferraby, East Yorkshire

TOM WEBSTER Entertains the NEW ZEALANDERS and OTHERS

Tom Webster (left), the well-known sporting caricaturist, with Tom Lowry, the popular captain of the New Zealanders, after the farewell dinner he gave at the May Fair. A clever boxing exhibition followed the dinner, at which many well-known sportsmen were present. The guests found a most amusing menu embellished by Tom himself, and all the New Zealanders obtained autographed copies as souvenirs. The New Zealand side has been very successful despite the weather, and everybody hopes that these good sportsmen will soon revisit us

K. S. Duleepsinhji, the England and Sussex cricketer, obviously ready to catch his neighbour's remarks

William McWhirter, the Editor of the "Daily Mail," and Sir Francis Towle enjoy a chat between the oratorical overs, which were anything but dull

A. P. F. Chapman, the famous All-England Captain, bidding Steve Donoghue, who is more at home in paddocks than in pads, to sign his menu, while the Earl of Westmorland exhorts the famous jockey to "Come on, Steve"

Photographs

Harry Preston and Walter Brearley toast Mr. Lowry and his merry men. Harry, described by Tom Webster as "the prince of hosts, for once not footing the bill," has a good overarm action! Walter Brearley says that Lancashire, his old side, likes no one so much as the New Zealanders

Sasha

The cheery Arthur Sims, the big sheep owner from "down under," who largely financed the New Zealanders' tour in this country

SPORTING DAYS NORTH OF THE BORDER

AT PERTH HUNT STEEPLECHASES

Lord and Lady Scone, Mr. Alastair Anderson, Lady Maud Carnegie and Mrs. Gunther find a grandstand of their own whilst watching one of the races at the ever-popular Perth Hunt meeting

TOM WEBSTER, the famous sporting caricaturist, gave a very characteristic and delightful dinner last week at the May Fair Hotel to Mr. Tom Lowry and his New Zealand team of cricketers, whose sportsmanship during their cricket tour has endeared them to everyone in the country, and has only been equalled by their modesty. Tom—I am sure he would not wish me to describe him as Mr. Webster—proved himself a prince of hosts, a title that he gave to Harry Preston; made a very witty speech in which he introduced one by one his other guests to the New Zealanders and pilloried them all in turn. Among others present, so to speak, were Lord Westmorland, Sir Francis Towle, Prince Duleepsinjhi, Sir Malcolm Campbell, Percy Chapman, Harold Gilligan, Harry Preston, Walter Brearley—the old Lancashire bowler, as irrepressible as ever—and several others. Later in the evening the proceedings were enlivened by the appearance of Melbourn Inman and Tom Reece, and later everyone adjourned to a six-round boxing contest in an improvised ring.

TOM REECE incidentally told a most amusing story of how, in one of his tours in New Zealand, he arrived at a place with an unpronounceable name expecting to find himself billed, as he was engaged to play the local champion, giving him a start of six hundred in a thousand up. He eventually discovered that he was to play on a greasy and aged table behind a small hairdresser's shop. Hither hundreds rolled up from their work of sheep-shearing, etc., until at last the champion came, wearing dirty overalls, a huge knife and steel by his side, and with all the appearance of having been cutting up meat. He produced an antiquated cue with a distinct wobble on it, and, after Reece had broken the balls, he got in, and, with an unfinished four-hundred break, ran out winner. Afterwards Reece said to the proprietor, "What's the good of asking me here to play a man like that? I never got in an exhibition at all." "Aye," said the proprietor, "the lads don't come in to watch you fellows play; they pay to see you wiped out!"

SO many plays performed by children are, to put it mildly, more than a little trying that it is a genuine relief to know of one band of young players whose entertainments are not merely endurable, but, thanks to the imagination and artistic taste of the producers, really interesting from a dramatic standpoint. To-morrow, Thursday, children of the Caldicott Community, the Home-School for workingmen's children with abnormal home conditions, are performing *King Saul* at the Rudolf Steiner Hall. The dialogue is entirely the words of the Bible, and no incongruous make-up or scenery is employed; in fact, the only property needed is Imagination, which the audience supplies.

ON THE STEPS OF GLENEAGLES HOTEL

Miss Evelyn Laye indulges in a little badinage with Lord Portarlington at the Gleneagles Hotel, the golfing paradise

GROSVENOR—MAYFAIR

MAYFAIR double-o-w-e-two-three-owe . . . hello . . . hello, Baa. . . . Well, the awful blow fell and the pound is worthless and everyone seems tremendously relieved. . . . Now's the time to buy your autumn frocks in London . . . it's getting quite unpatriotic to go to Paris any more . . . and you pay more now . . . restaurants are crowded with people trying to forget . . . on dry champagne and a noisy band . . . what does to-morrow matter? . . . Catherine Queensberry has recovered from her operation. . . . Mary Alington has got thin. . . . Edwina Mountbatten is already three shades lighter. . . . Jean Norton is looking lovely. . . . Molly Pudukota is back. . . . She was on Lady Houston's lovely yacht for the Schneider Trophy. . . .

* * *

ROLLIE BARNARD, who is engaged to Eileen Plunket, is a great character . . . he is excellent company . . . tells a story better than anyone I know . . . and was considered a confirmed bachelor in Cairo. . . . Talking of engagements, Joan Beauchamp is to marry Claude de Lisle Bush. . . . I felt the arrangements would be very lavish when I saw the invitation with its huge silver monogram, and so they are . . . a special train to Bath . . . with very special luncheon aboard, cars to Wells Cathedral . . . all perfectly organised. . . . Joan is an excellent horsewoman . . . her father, Sir Frank Beauchamp, owns that lovely place, Woodborough.

* * *

EDYTHE D'ERLANGER has become a platinum blonde . . . see daily Press daily . . . but she still has a tight shingle . . . which looked to me out of place with her heavy velvet dress with a suspicion of a bustle and a train. . . . Jane Baxter also has short hair . . . and so has Evelyn Beauchamp . . . all the lovelies seem to be wearing one long roll still . . . which is dull and disappointing after so much talk of a change. . . . Great excitement over the sudden change of heart in a recently freed peer . . . everyone had counted on his marriage to a much-talked-of young woman, but now the bride . . . so rumour says . . . is to be a married . . . or ex-married woman who recently lost her jewels in the South. . . .

* * *

I NOTICED Violet Cripps wearing green beads . . . however, she had a lovely coat of black velvet with three huge white foxes to trim it . . . but oh, Baa, don't have a velvet dress. . . . I saw Mrs. K. Stanley-Smith . . . yes, she always has her name written like that . . . who has caused such a stir in London . . . wearing the very, very newest from Paris in plum-red velvet . . . and it had creased and marked until the beauty had quite disappeared . . . because she sat down for dinner . . . wear velvet and you must stand . . . alone. . . .

* * *

YOU know, Baa, nothing has altered very much since everyone has been away . . . no one seems to have changed their young men. . . . Most people are a little darker coloured . . . hair is a little lighter at the moment . . . but otherwise . . . the old order stands. . . . Kitty Brownlow is just as thin. . . . Nada Milford-Haven seems just as anxious. . . . Margaret Whigham just as composed. . . . Joanna Pickering is attractive . . . why does she never dance professionally these days? . . . I hear Dorothy Plunket has been giving one of her famous exhibition dances at the Lido . . . if Dorothy lost her money she could get a job to-morrow as a dancer . . . she is really very good . . .

* * *

THE Bethel family are all back . . . and all charming, although there are so many of them . . . but there are only two left unmarried . . . Billy, who has broken many hearts, and Phyllis, who is plump and very sweet . . . they are devoted to each other. . . . I like to see brothers and sisters who are great friends . . . like Teddy Hulton, who hated Betty leaving him to get married. . . . Romaine Combe is often with Simon . . . her eldest brother . . . a dark . . . attractive young man who is extremely popular.

* * *

LOIS MORGAN adores her brother Naps, and spoils him . . . but so does everyone else . . . which is very bad for him. . . . I always think it is so clever when you can make people say . . . "Oh, well . . . you can't be angry with so . . . and . . . so" . . . then you can get away with murder and worse . . . and everyone just goes on liking you as much as ever. . . .

* * *

DAILY we are back to politics . . . or rather politicians, which is the next best . . . or is it worst? . . . thing . . . one can't escape from them . . . are you ready for the election . . . a most exhausting form of amusement . . . canvassing . . . how I hate unwashed babies . . . darling, that is the "fragrant minute" . . . good-bye. . . .

TWO PICTURES OF MISS GRAY-CHEAPE'S WEDDING

Mr. Peter William Archdale Dugan, R.A.F., and Miss Carsina Gray-Cheape, the eldest daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel H. A. Gray-Cheape and of Mrs. Gray-Cheape, leaving St. John's, Forfar, after their wedding. They are being piped out by the Earl of Strathmore's pipers.

Miss Gray-Cheape photographed with her bridesmaids after her wedding last week. Their blue velvet muffs lent a novel touch to their frocks

AT THE PLAY

MUSIC, MIRTH AND MELODRAMA

By VERNON WOODHOUSE

DRAWINGS OF "THE PAINTED VEIL," AT THE PLAYHOUSE, BY H. H. HARRIS

THE STORY OF "THE PAINTED VEIL"

Kitty Fane (Gladys Cooper) and Charles Townsend (Arthur Margetson), caught in a compromising situation, hear footsteps and the turning of a door-handle

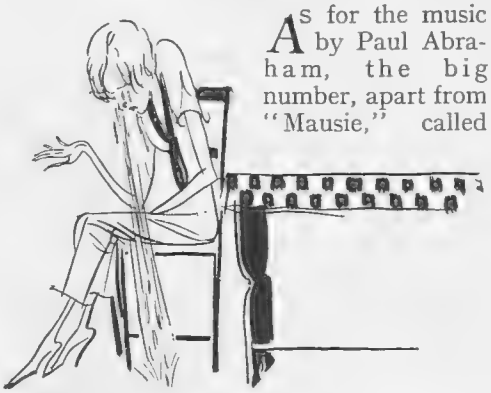
"Viktoria and Her Hussar," at the Palace

I ALWAYS try to criticise plays as I find them and not be influenced by what the other fellows say. Were I to depart from my rule this week I should shout with the critical crowd that *Viktoria and Her Hussar,* at the Palace Theatre, is a musical play almost without a flaw, and stigmatise *Take Two from One,* at the Haymarket, as farce beneath contempt.

HAVING seen both these productions —though not on the first night, which may make a difference—I can honestly say that I thought the Haymarket farce amusing and original, while words almost fail me in trying "to utter the thoughts that arise in me" in connection with *Viktoria and Her Hussar.*

PERSONALLY, I found the first act of this mittel-Europe musical comedy one of the dullest I have ever sat out. In duty bound I returned for the second act, and it was only when this was half over that I found anything to enthuse about. Then came the duet "Mausie," which would much better be called "You Make Me Laugh." Anyway, it did me, and I will shout my loudest when saying that Oskar Denes from Hungary, who is given this number with Barbara Dieu (who, starting as an Eastern maid, went all Western very suddenly), is a comedian who could be funny in any language or any part.

IF a single number will make a success of a production there is hope for *Viktoria,* because of Oskar Denes and that duet. No one could possibly care a brass button about the singularly inept plot, while Harry Graham has found the original authors, Alfred Grunwald and Dr. Fritz Lohner-Beda, a little too much for him. Had the English adapter been working on his own I think he would have thought twice about keeping in some of his witticisms, such as that Buddha was the man who invented Budapest, and the one where when a girl is asked her name answers Riquette, the enquirer retorts that he had them as a child. We expect better than this from the author of *Deportmental Ditties.*



Walter Fane (Lewis Casson), Kitty's husband, kindly offers Kitty (Gladys Cooper) two unpleasant alternatives—either divorce or to accompany him to Mer-Tan-Fa, a district infested with cholera

AS for the music by Paul Abraham, the big number, apart from "Mausie," called

This was because Kitty (Gladys Cooper) confessed to Walter (Lewis Casson) that she was in an "interesting condition," which did not please Walter one little bit for reasons of his own

"Good Night," when hero and heroine bid a tearful farewell in the best second act finale manner, is so reminiscent of "Tit Willow" that I feel it incumbent on me to break into parody.

S

On the Spree—that's a river—a German tom-tit
Sang willow, tit willow, tit willow;
And I said to him, "Tune-snatcher, why do you sit
Singing willow, tit willow, tit willow?
Are you barren of melody, birdie?" I cried,
"Have you no novel airs in your little inside?"
With a shake of his poor empty head he replied,
"Only willow, tit willow, tit willow."

"Take Two from One," at the Haymarket

JUST as Oskar Denes runs away with *Viktoria and Her Hussar*, so does Gertrude Lawrence make the literary farce, *Take Two From One*, a sheer delight. The character she plays is of a loving wife who gets separated from her husband in a shipwreck. The latter, believing her dead, marries again, but she returns after having been worshipped for two years as a goddess among African savages. And what a change was there! She does not propose to take the new matrimonial venture meekly. As her father-in-law remarks, she is like "a passionate young panther leaping through the grass." And if you don't know what a p.y.p. looks like go to the Haymarket and watch Gertrude Lawrence.

S

IT is this superb comedienne who, in a play which is amusing if harping too much on one string, should draw lovers of acting to the Haymarket Theatre, for she makes the character fearfully—almost in the sense of terror—funny. I know no other actress who could play the part nearly so effectively. As the husband saddled with two perfectly good wives, Nicholas Hannan is the personification of puzzledom.

While a hopelessly out-of-place happy ending is achieved by a good fellow, Waddington (Martin Walker), coming along to offer the soiled heroine marriage

But "the dog it was that died," for Walter (Lewis Casson) caught cholera and died, and more tears were shed by Kitty (Gladys Cooper)

"The Painted Veil," at the Playhouse

"THE PAINTED VEIL" is an adaptation by Bartlett Cormack of a novel by Somerset Maugham, which is a somewhat different thing from a play written by Somerset Maugham himself. But though not equal to the well-known dramatist's own work for the theatre, *The Painted Veil* is, up to a point, an interesting story, full of strong, though gloomy, situations.

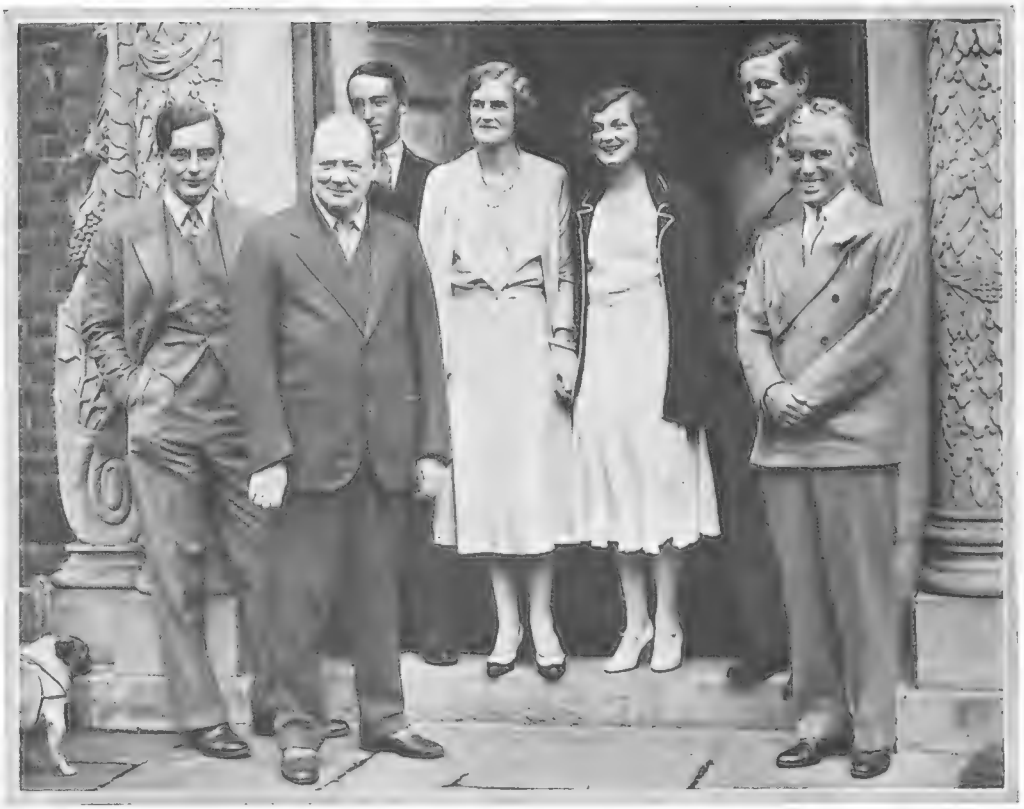
S

BUT why a "happy" ending was dragged in in these days when popularity does not depend on it is rather a mystery. Still, it gives Martin Walker a chance of making a big success as the deus-ex-machina, so the adapter may be excused. Gladys Cooper has a part after her own heart as the heroine with morals not above reproach. Arthur Margetson makes the lover artistically unpleasant, while the heroine's husband, a difficult character to make much of, shows the cleverness of Lewis Casson. V. W.

BY STARR WOOD

FIGURES—OF SPEECH

"To put this country on its feet, what we want is more backbone"



Charlie Chaplin photographed with Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill and members of their family during his recent visit to their home at Westerham, Kent. Charlie's baggy tramp trousers being nearly as funny as Winnie's hats, the two were well suited to an animated discussion on sartorial eccentricities

if Sossips we must

WITH one quarter of London declaring that the abandonment of the gold standard is a good thing, another quarter declaring that it is a bad thing, another quarter declaring that it is a bad thing which will become better, and yet another declaring that it is a good thing which will become worse, the average and fairly intelligent student of the goings on of this quaint country of ours may well feel a trifle bewildered.

So far as gold actually concerns the individual, it is, for the most part, limited to the stopping of a back-tooth and the nib of a fountain-pen. Exchanges often mean merely what number of francs you get for the pound to spend on luxurious necessities in Paris. But that aspect does not concern the deep-thinking set, to which you, dear reader, and I belong. We see more in the national schemozzle than the remarkable fact that the abandoning of the gold standard has coincided with the rise of the platinum-standard blonde.

EXCEPT for the wild men, political acrimoniousness has ceased, both inside and outside the House of Commons. So we may call, at any rate, a temporary truce to it. We can only reflect on the undoubted truth that if England had been united at the time of the formation of the National Government the gold crisis (bound to be unpleasant for some time, whatever the ultimate result) would never have arisen.

It was when the Socialists formed themselves into a practically solid Opposition and not only did not support the Government, but set out to heckle and impede it in every possible way, that the world began to grow uneasy and the gold began to flow away from us in an alarming stream. In short, the world perceived that there was

MISS ASTRA DESMOND

Who is well known on the concert platform for her beautiful contralto voice, is one of the latest recruits to opera, having been appearing in "Lohengrin" at Covent Garden this month. Originally intended for the teaching profession, she used to sing tenor in her college choir

ANOTHER CONVERSION SCHEME

Lady Astor, it is reported, makes continual efforts to convert from Socialism the driver of the taxi which she regularly uses, but has met with no success in this respect.

THOUGH Baldwin may be sleepy
And the Central Office slow,
When Her Ladyship's crusading
With her usual verve and go,
The Party Cause will flourish,
Whilst supporters note with pride
The earnest propaganda
That concludes her taxi-ride

Undismayed by dour resistance,
Unperturbed by streams of "No's,"
In the shadow of the cab rank
She will launch her telling blows.
Hoping that the Labour Jehu,
In whose interest she strives,
Will eventually become the
Staunchest of Conservatives.

But how greatly it would please me
If he talked her round instead,
And then won her fond allegiance
To the banner that is Red,
And how Parliament would revel
If in future she'd appear
Side by side with Jack Jones quaffing,
Foaming mugs of British beer!

B. W

"OFF THE MAP," BUT ON AT THE LITTLE THEATRE

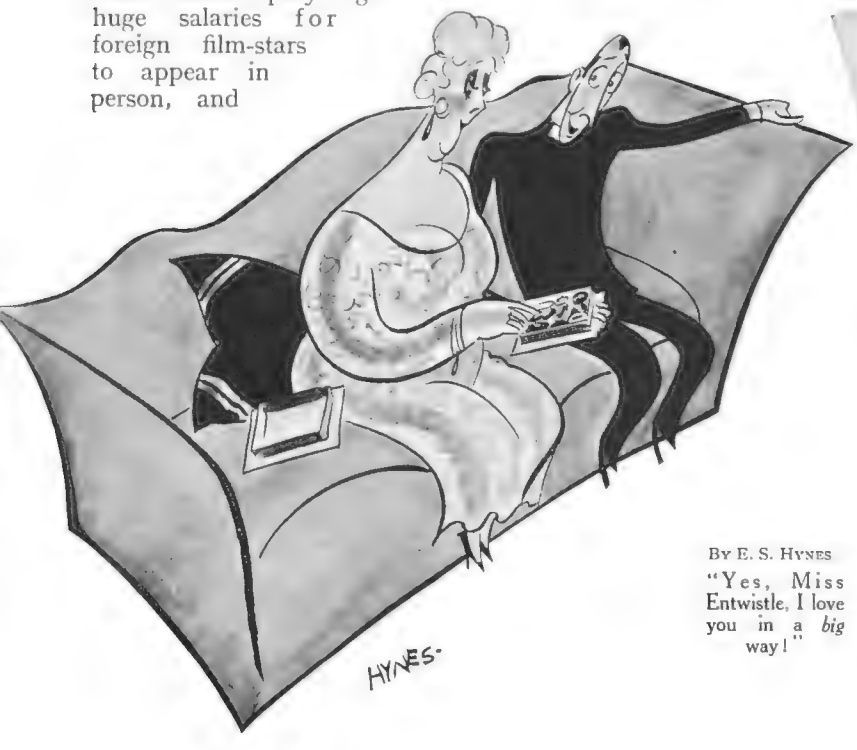
Tea for three prepared by Pooley (Richard Goolden), right, a batman, for Frank Barlow (Edmund Willard) and Mary Fielding (Lydia Sherwood). Barlow is a doctor who is hiding from the world in the Hebrides, and the girl has got herself mixed up with a gang of crooks, but becomes finally disentangled from them to the joy of the doctor

really no National Government, such as rescued France in 1926, but a coalition, which the Socialists at once attacked. Labour, having got the country into an appalling muddle, promptly did its best to hamper those who were trying to get the country out of that muddle.

WE are an amazing people. At a time when "Buy British" should be the slogan, when we want to keep as much money as possible for our own people, the theatrical world starts paying huge salaries for foreign film-stars to appear in person, and to load the casts of musical plays with anyone but an actor or actress of British nationality.

Sometimes these newcomers from abroad are clever, and, in normal times, would justify their welcome. But these are not normal times. Every foreign artist employed puts an English artist out of a job, and the longer a play runs with a foreign, or partly foreign, cast, the longer are English artists kept out of jobs.

We cannot, of course, exclude the visitors altogether, nor is it desirable that we should. Lots of 'em I like immensely. But can we afford 'em? I should be



BY E. S. HYNES

"Yes, Miss Entwistle, I love you in a *big* way!"

Janet Jevons

Edith Evans, who is playing one of the principal parts in the revival of Congreve's famous comedy, "The Old Bachelor," at the Lyric at Hammersmith. The modern Censors were spared anxious moments over this decidedly risky play, since it is of old vintage

glad to see foreign performers, for some time to come, employed in the theatres of London only in exact proportion to the number employed in the theatres of Berlin, Paris, and New York. And why not a tariff on 'em?

SIDE by side with the engagement of foreign artists comes the attack, in certain quarters, on our own. The season of British opera, for instance, at Covent Garden. Although it is probable that no opera season has ever been launched in more difficult circumstances, the British company does not ask to be treated with special consideration on that account, or even on account of their being British. But it does ask for justice, from both Press and public. The vast majority of critical opinion has been overwhelmingly favourable to the present season, and the public, though the stalls are a trifle shy for the moment, is giving good support.

BUT one is constantly finding in musical circles disparaging references to British opera seasons in general. And one eminent critic, who is in the fortunate position of being able to wait a week before writing his notices (which gives him time to acquire a reputation for originality by being different from everyone else), jumps with both feet on everything that Covent Garden does, now and always, and tears its performances to pieces with a pen dipped in vitriol.

To say, for instance, that there were no redeeming features in the British production of *The Bartered Bride*, the famous Bohemian opera, is to say that which simply is not true. The Czecho-Slovakian Minister, who knows a lot about music, declared, I know, that he had never heard a better performance in Prague itself. Where is it, by the way, that the aforesaid eminent critic has heard all these "ideal" performances of various operas which make him opposed so bitterly to any and every performance at Covent Garden?

I SHOULD like to applaud the pluck of the Quaglino brothers—

The Pastrycook (Davy Burnaby), with two sugar-plums in the attractive shape of the Blackburn Twins, in a scene from "Waltzes from Vienna." This very musical play is packing the Alhambra every evening

one is short and the other is long, and the long and short of it is that both are charming. When nearly everyone was bemoaning the fact that we may shortly be broke and Sovietised and eating unmentionable food from communal kitchens, they started redecorating their restaurant in Bury Street, with the aid of the Marquis de Casa Maury (husband of the beauteous Marquise), and making it cheerful with soft green walls, new green carpets, and all sorts of pleasant things. Optimism is catching, and I have rarely visited a restaurant with an atmosphere so calculated to take one out of one's troubles.

THE residents of Chelsea are in a state of unrest. This world-renowned district possesses a pride in its own achievements. Whatever it touches it crowns with success. In the realms of art and literature, and in the making of pottery and buns, success has attended its efforts. But Chelsea is peeved at having its name taken in vain by a football club calling itself Chelsea, which has become the laughing stock of football fans when the directors buy, at vast expense, players mainly from north of the Tweed, whose

Cortez and Peggy, the famous dancers visitors behind the scenes at the Gaiety to the Gaiety the stars of the company

SMALL CHILD (*whose father is an* Parliament

who are appearing in "Nina Rose," giving free lessons to Theatre. Since "Nina Rose" was transferred from the Lyceum have torn up their contracts to work on a percentage basis

efforts can hardly be called overwhelmingly successful.

AND so the real Chelsea is seething with discontent. Rumour relates that an indignation meeting will be called at which a demand will be made for the Chelsea Club to call itself something different on the ground that the ground is not in Chelsea at all. Stamford Bridge, for instance, or Walham Green, or, even more apposite, Old Age Pensioners! What annoys Chelsea-ites most of all is that when Archie de Bear staged the *Chelsea Follies*, and in that successful revue showed up the stupidity of the football club directors, these poor mutts went to the show and guffawed with laughter at what was really serious criticism!

BY A. R. CANE

M.P.) "Daddy, nurse has just smacked me again. Can't do something about it?"

I HOPE Mark Hambourg won't lose his wool. I do not mean his temper, though he has one. But, owing to certain restrictions as to exporting money in the Antipodes, he has to bring back the bulk of the proceeds of his piano-playing tour in—wool. It seems incongruous to have to point to a bale of future vests and —er, so forth, as the result of drawing the sweet sounds of Bach and Beethoven from the soul of his gorgeous-toned Blüthner. But there you are! If I meet Mark at the quay-side I would say to him, "Baa . . . Baa . . . "—dots and all—were I not likely to be accused of imitating the brilliant contributor of "Grosvenor-Mayfair."

THERE have been a few parties in London of late, but mostly of the small and early type. We have had no lavish affairs lasting until the dawn, with eggs and bacon in an atmosphere of too much cigarette smoke, Chanel No. 5, alcohol, and the pangs of disappointed love. Indeed, with the prospect of most people having to work harder than ever, to be out of bed after 1.30 a.m. at latest is an ordeal which only the toughest and the youngest, and the silliest, or all three, can endure. The sensible thing is to take the premises of one of the smaller dance clubs, preferably one that has gone broke recently (there are plenty available), and to bring along one's own drinks. That is much more economical in the long run, and there is little, if any, furniture to damage. Even the nicest and politest people are apt to drop all consideration at parties, and to allow cigarette ends to burn themselves out into a black and indelible mark on the mantelpiece or on a pet piece of Sheraton.

RUGBY football will be made all the more interesting this season thanks to the visit of the South Africans, for whom I prophesy a most successful tour. These hefty young fellows are all the more welcome because they play the game in every sense of the phrase. England last year had plenty of talent to call on, but the team never got together. I hope the Mother Country will find her best fifteen right away this season and stick to it, for I doubt if any but international teams will cause the tourists much anxiety.

Janet Jevons

MRS. EDWARD A. BONESI

Whose husband is the new General Manager of the Berkeley Hotel. Before coming to London M. Bonesi was at Lotti's, in Paris

THREE NEW FOREIGN FILMS—AND

Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor in a scene from "Merely Mary Ann," their new talkie which will shortly be seen in the West End. They have a big following among those filmgoers who like their celluloid fare well seasoned with saccharine

"TELL ME THE OLD, OLD STORY"
Sally Eilers and James Dunn, the stars in "Bad Girl," the Fox film which has proved a good winner at the Tivoli. It is a remarkably good film of the "human interest" type

Maria Paudler as she appears as Lisl in "Vienna Waltzes," the singing and talking film dealing with the lives of Johann Strauss, father and son. The world première of this German film took place recently at the Rialto

THE ALL-BRITISH "GHOST TRAIN"

A thrilling moment in the Gainsborough talkie version of "The Ghost Train" at the Capitol Members of a gang of crooks operating the train sight the open drawbridge too late, and the train crashes into the river, repeating the terrible accident of years before

HORROR AND—

Charles and Elsie Bryant, the young honeymoon couple, played by Tracey Holmes and Carol Coombe, fail to get the train, but do not fail to get the creeps at the station

—HUMOUR

Teddie Deakin (Jack Hulbert) finds the smelling salts of Miss Bourne even more overpowering than their voluble owner. "The Ghost Train" is one of the best of recent British films

CLEMENCE DANE on the BOOK SOCIETY'S SELECTIONS for the MONTH

THE Book Society list this month sticks close to real life. No song, no fantasy, no drama, no pattern-making distracts us from the spectacle of human nature behaving as such—fighting, love-making, triumphing, failing, philosophising, being brilliant, being piteous, or just muddling along. There are three romances certainly. But the virtue of each is its faithful realism, while the rest of the list is actual chronicle.

BOOKS MENTIONED

EARLY CLOSING. By D. Wynne Willson. (Constable: 7s. 6d.)
FINCH'S FORTUNE. By Mazo de la Roche. (Macmillan: 7s. 6d.)
MAD PUPPETSTOWN. By M. J. Farrell. (Collins: 7s. 6d.)
PHILINE. By H. Amiel. (Constable: 10s. 6d.)
MUSTAPHA KEMAL. By D. von Mikusch. (Heinemann: 12s. 6d.)
TIME WAS. By W. Graham Robertson. (Hamilton: 15s.)
HENRY KINGSLEY. By S. N. Ellis. (Grant Richards: 12s. 6d.)

THE *Journal of Amiel* has been plundered to give us a philosopher in love and on love. The biography of Mustapha Kemal tells us the story of a modern Cromwell. *Henry Kingsley,* by S. M. Ellis, strengthens the present revival of interest in a neglected Victorian novelist; and in *Time Was* Graham Robertson stands, a pre-Raphaelite wizard at a convex mirror, conjuring up the 'eighties and the 'nineties. As for the novelists—Miss Farrell in *Mad Puppetstown* gives us a blazing Ireland contrasted with a dimmer England; Miss de la Roche continues the history of the Whiteoaks in *Finch's Fortune*; while Miss Wynne Willson in *Early Closing* throws daily light on a modern English public school.

OF the seven volumes, all interesting, I most enjoyed *Early Closing* and *Time Was.* The reason, I suppose, is that both these books are radiant with humour. To read *Early Closing* is to listen to a shrewd young lady chuckling; and the chuckle is not unlike that of the shrewd young lady who, at just Miss Willson's age, wrote *Pride and Prejudice.* Indeed, the only thing I don't like about this book, which I so enormously like, is its title. *Early Closing* is meant to suggest, no doubt, youth, spring, the "gather ye roses" mood. Unfortunately, the phrase is so closely connected in one's workaday mind with Saturday afternoon that its effect is spoilt. One expects a story about a "Selfridges." It should be made very clear that one gets nothing of the kind.

Early Closing is a study of a schoolmaster, his family, his house, his common-room, his school. I seldom read a book about a boys' school without saying to myself, "Why on earth must all the school books be written by the rebels, the malcontents, the unfortunates and the unsuitables?" It is refreshing to find at last a novel, recognisably true in every detail, that is content to give not only the light, but the delightful side of school life. The characters live and yet are likeable; the community exists, and doesn't stand in need of dynamite or disinfectant. What a relief! What a relief, too, to be allowed to laugh. I don't know whether the house-master William or his pupil Johnnie is the funnier. "William on parents" is not creation: it is sheer eavesdropping.

BY BEAUVAIS

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

I DON'T like men who go to eat
At restaurants in Chandos Street,
Who break into a joyous whoop
To see a plate of lentil soup,
Who dress themselves in cycling suits
And have no toe-caps on their boots,
Who wear thick woollen underclothes
And hide their chests with facial growths,
Who preach about the "working man"
But collar everything they can,
Who utilise the microphone
To talk about themselves alone,
That is the type that I abhor,
And yet I like you, Mr. Shaw!

B.

HOWEVER, Miss Wynne Willson must not be allowed to annex all the humour and charm. Graham Robertson's *Time Was* shares honours with her: though he writes of the day before yesterday and she of to-day's morning. I can think of many a valuable biography which is content to give you facts but draws the line at atmosphere. "The rose is red, the violet blue!" What more can the reader want? But here and there you get a chronicler who reproduces in his pages not merely the shape of the rose and the violet, but their vanished scent and colour also. It is a rare gift: and Mr. Graham Robertson has it. It recreates the people of yesterday, their laughter, the tones of their voices, their hearsay charm. Turning its pages, hearsay all but becomes memory.

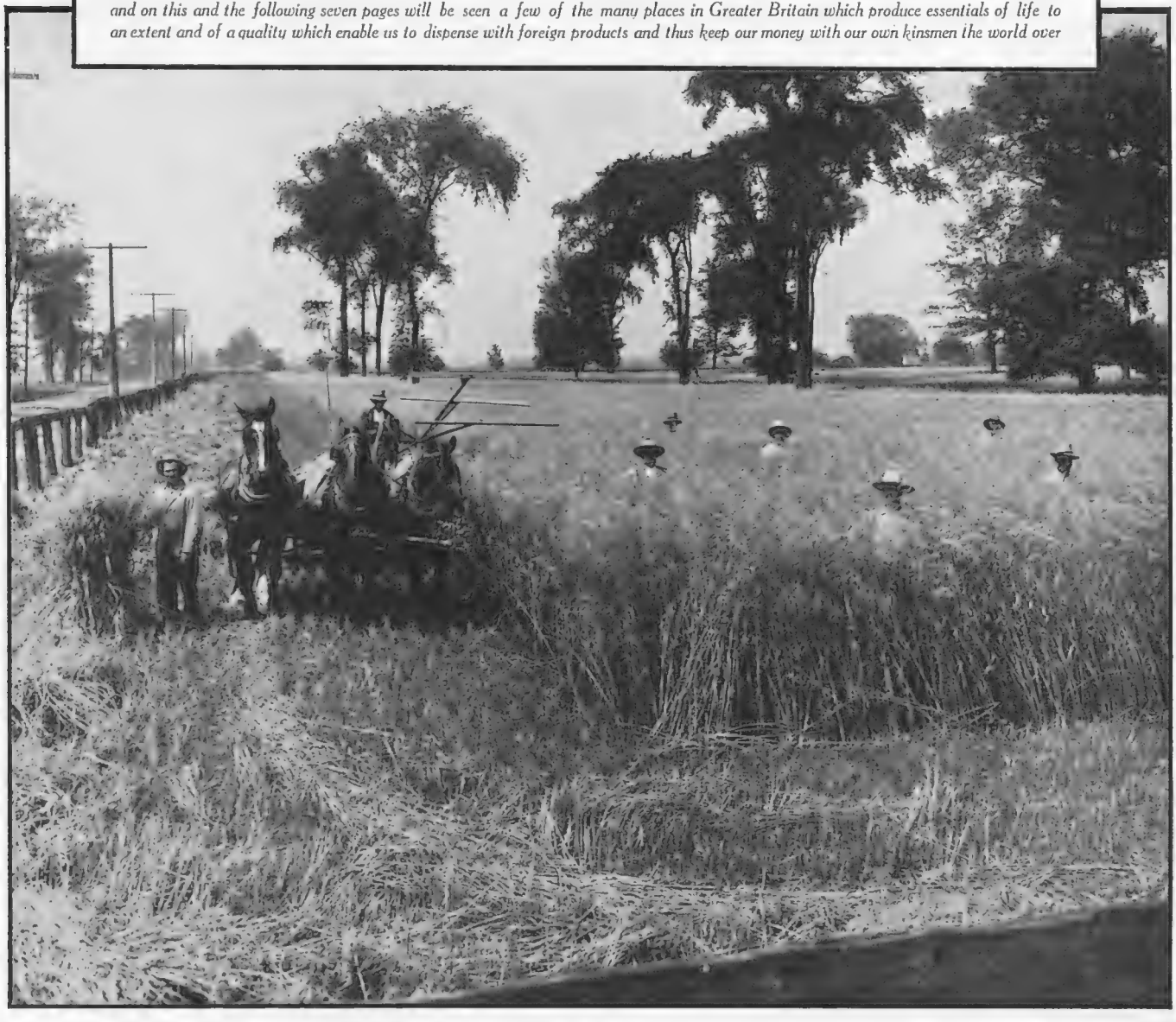
MUSTAPHA KEMAL, the dictator of Turkey, emerges from the pages of his biography as a ruthless patriot who doesn't talk. The history of his rise to absolute power is impressive. He seems to have had no personal ambition: his interest has been entirely in his country. He is relentless, he is lucky, a fearless soldier, a fearless governor. He has revolutionised a country: he has schooled a religion: he has Westernised a culture. Nothing has been able to oppose him: he is at the height of his success, and he is only fifty-one.

IT isn't every valuable man who gets recognition in his lifetime. The letters of Henry Kingsley will make, I imagine, successful novelists rather uncomfortable. "Thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things!" Not so Henry Kingsley. His letters are a pitiful study of great talent slowly impaired by sickness, money troubles, and lack of recognition. For the Victorians there was the celebrated Charles Kingsley: and there was a brother who also wrote novels. They were quite good novels: most people read *Ravenshoe*: but there appreciation ended, and I suppose nobody would be more puzzled, even indignant, than Henry Kingsley if he knew that to-day he was a good deal more talked about, if not read, than that "angel of a man" whom he so entirely loved, his brother Charles. Well, he owes something to his careful presenter. Mr. Ellis's book will bring Henry Kingsley many new readers. Yet I doubt if they will find in any of his novels a creature as wholly likeable as the anxious, unassuming, overworked Henry Kingsley.

HOW the EMPIRE Can FEED GREAT BRITAIN

EIGHT-PAGE ILLUSTRATED FEATURE

It is no longer trespassing upon the hard-fought ground of party politics to state that a tariff on all foreign goods imported to Great Britain is recognised as inevitable in the very near future. Thus it is opportune to give in picture form some indication that the British Empire, with its vast resources, is in the fortunate position of being economically self-supporting in everything and on this and the following seven pages will be seen a few of the many places in Greater Britain which produce essentials of life to an extent and of a quality which enable us to dispense with foreign products and thus keep our money with our own kinsmen the world over



Photographs *Canada House*

CANADA—THE GRANARY OF THE EMPIRE

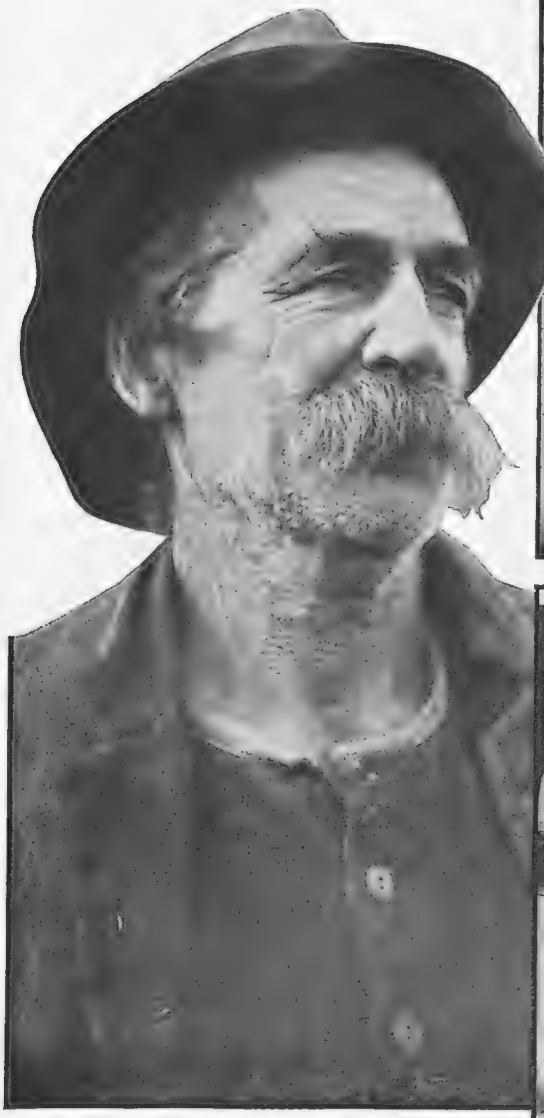
Canada, with her enormous agricultural resources, is well deserving of her title of the Granary of the Empire, for she has no fewer than 25,255,000 acres under cultivation for wheat, which yield about 300,000,000 bushels per annum, whilst oats, barley and rye are grown on 19,397,013 acres, which produce 318,312,100 bushels every year. The upper picture shows a typical scene in a Western Ontario oat-field during the cutting, whilst the lower photograph shows ploughing and seeding in progress. Other field crops include beans, buckwheat, flax potatoes and turnips, whilst fur farming, fishing and lumbering also occupy a big place among Canada's leading industries

OUR EMPIRE "DOWN UNDER"

The photograph on the immediate right together with those of the Man From "Out Back" and the Young Axeman are reproduced from "The Fifth Continent," by E. O. Hoppé and published by Simpkin Marshall, Ltd., at 15s. This book, with its many wonderful photographs, affords a remarkable insight into the people and industrial activities of the Commonwealth which plays such an important part in Empire trade activities

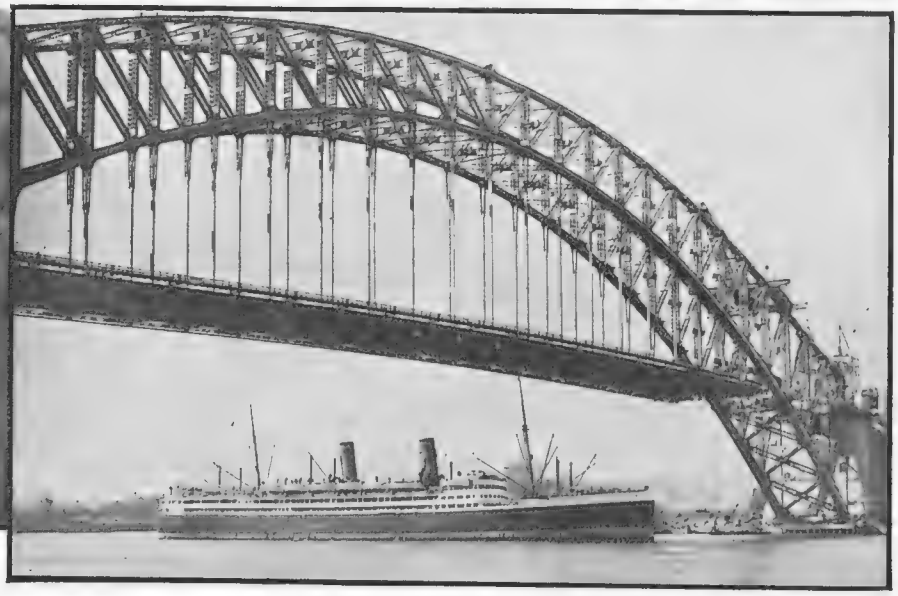
From "The Fifth Continent," by E. O. Hoppé

A New South Wales bullock team on trek. These beasts have a marvellous knack of turning in their own length, and each animal is known by name to the bullocki in charge of them. This State produces nearly 50 million bushels of wheat and over two and a half million bushels of maize annually



From "The Fifth Continent," by E. O. Hoppé

The Man from "Out Back." An Australian squatter, whose work with the sheep takes him far from the cities. He is typical of the large army of men who play their part in helping Australia to export over £60,000,000 worth of wool and over £6,000,000 of meat a year



A FAMOUS OUTPOST OF EMPIRE

The R.M.S. "Aorangi" passing under the bridge in Sydney Harbour, in New South Wales. The dock accommodation at Sydney includes four large graving docks, five floating docks and seven patent slips, the annual shipping entries being nearly nine million net tonnage

WHERE FINE FRUIT IS GROWN

THE FRUITS OF THE ORCHARD

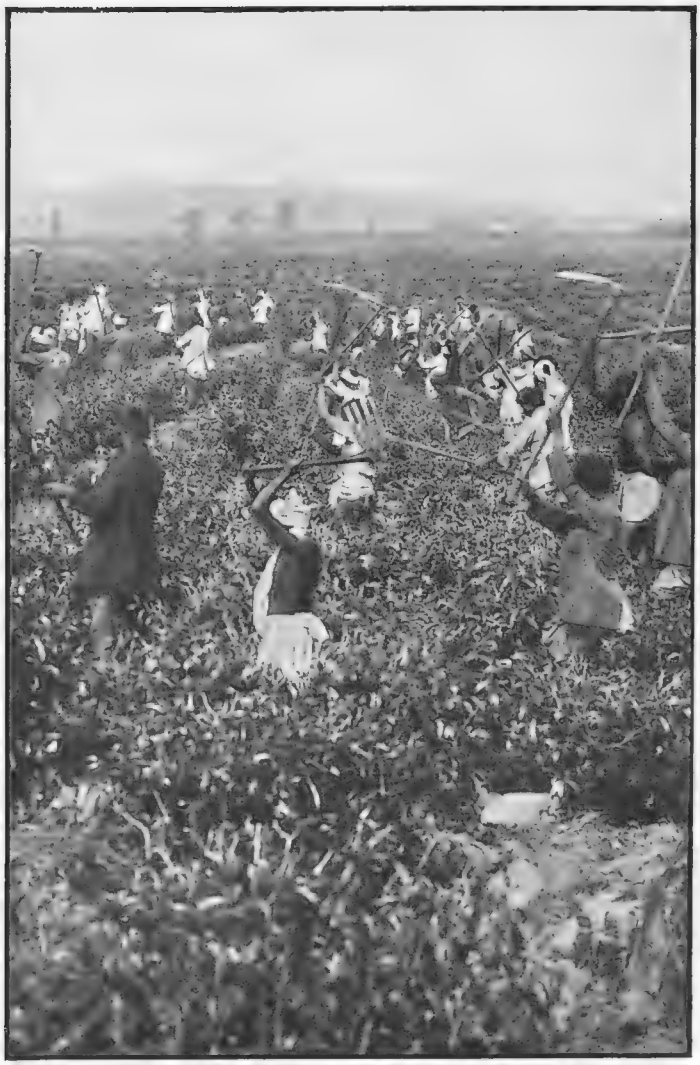
A heavily laden fruit train at the foot of the Hex River Valley in Cape Province, South Africa, which has a cultivated area of over three million acres. The Union of South Africa exports fresh fruit to the annual value of over £844,000

Picking pears in one of the vast orchards at Great Constantia, some sixteen miles from the Vaal River and 112 miles north east of Kimberley. South African fruit is among the finest in the world and her wines can hold their own with those of any other country

From "The Fifth Continent," by E. O. Hoppé

A Young Axeman in the forests near Pemberton, Western Australia. The forests in this State contain the very finest hardwoods in the world

THE HEART OF THE EMPIRE AN



High Commissioner for India

Native labourers at work on a vast Indian tea plantation using the peculiar forked hoes. India's agricultural activities are so vast that no fewer than 46 million acres are under irrigation

THE HEART OF THE EMPIRE AND THE

A London nocturne in which the Houses of Parliament, the Central Hall, the Abbey and t annually at London's vast docks, representing

A load of sugar canes arriving at a factory in Jamaica, which only exports about £482,000 of sugar annually. The island has an area of 4,450 square miles and a mixed population of about 860,000, and could grow ten times as much sugar as it can now sell

ALTHOUGH much of the shipping which arrives daily at London's many docks comes laden with goods of foreign origin, there is no reason why the vessels which come up the Thames should not bear British cargoes. With the advent of a tariff these foreign goods will be replaced by British, and in all corners of the Empire labour will receive the fillip which is

ONE OF THE EMPIRE'

A glimpse of the Roads at Singapore. With a population of ov

ND SOME OF ITS MAIN ARTERIES

HE GREATEST PORT IN THE WORLD
and the church of St. Margaret are included. Over twenty million tons of shipping arrive
ting merchandise from all quarters of the globe

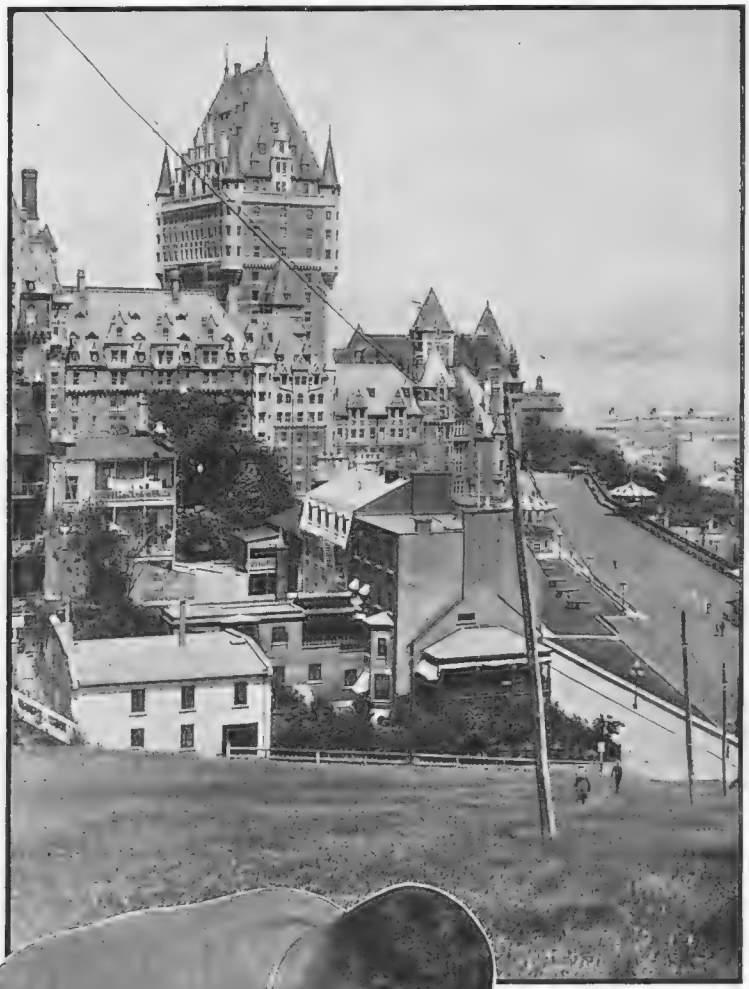
A giant rubber tree—the biggest in the world—growing on a plantation in the Malaya Peninsula. British Malaya, with a population of 4,000,000, is actively engaged in the rubber industry, which, although now experiencing a bad slump, must recover in the future

ch so badly needed at this time of industrial
ks depression. The day is not now far dis-
n, tant when the greatest port in the world—
ch the Port of London—will be the clearing
ar house for British goods and British
a produce shipped to the Mother Country
ed from her children in all four quarters of
n- the globe, to the mutual benefit of both
is seller and buyer.

MPIRE'S GREATEST PORTS
n of over half a million, its annual ocean trade exceeds £1,000,000

An expedition making its way up river to the diamond fields of British Guiana. Georgetown is the capital of this possession, whose exports to the United Kingdom are about £824,000 per annum out of a total of £3,000,000

PICTORIAL SIDELIGHTS FROM THREE



The Château Frontenac Hotel at Quebec is the finest in Canada. It looks down on the St. Lawrence River and the harbour

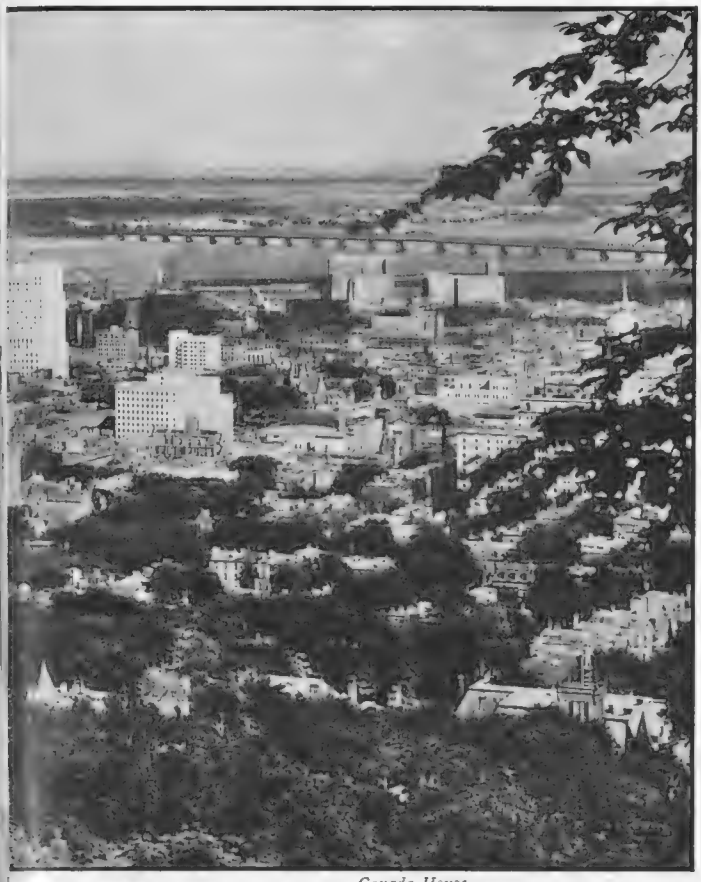
A general view of Montreal, in the Province of Quebec, with the Victoria Bridge inhabitants, it stands at the confluence of the St. Lawrence and Ottawa

The High Commissioner for N.Z.

Shearing one of the 30,637,390 sheep in New Zealand at Mt. Camel, Hohoura, North Auckland, North Island. New Zealand exports over 55½ million sheep a year

A typical sheep sale in progress at Lismore Station, North Island. Apart from wheat and oats for the requirements

CONTINENTS ON BRITAIN'S VAST RESOURCES



Canada House

in the right background. A city of over 1,000,000 rivers, and is the centre of the grain export trade

Toronto in Ontario, with its 652,000 inhabitants, is the centre of industrial, commercial and shipping activities, and incidentally boasts the tallest skyscraper, seen above, in the British Empire. Belonging to the Canadian Bank of Commerce, it stands 473 ft. high

The High Commissioner for N.Z.

her enormous sheep-farming interests, New Zealand grows sufficient of the Dominion

High Commissioner for India

An aerial view of Calcutta, the great city of Bengal, with a population of over 1,300,000, on the Hoogly River, with the Howrah Bridge and jetties in centre and foreground

India ranks second only to the United Kingdom itself in the volume of its sea-borne trade, which almost equals that of Canada and Australia combined. Jute, cotton, food-grains, tea and oilseeds are her chief exports

WHERE EMPIRE PREFERENCE IS NEEDED

A field of Easter lilies in full bloom in Bermuda, which, with its glorious, spring-like climate, its sport of every kind, and its cheapness of living, is the Riviera of the West Indies, where holiday makers can enjoy themselves happy in the knowledge that the depreciation of sterling will not affect them.

A scene on the Irrawaddy river between Katha and Bhamo, in Burma, which exports rice and teak in large quantities and is fairly rich in minerals, especially petroleum, rubies and jadestone. At present Burma wants to separate herself from India, but a tariff will, it is believed, bind all the Empire together in ties of self-interest

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald who, in the General Election which is now imminent, will lead the National Party, the chief plank in whose platform will be a General Tariff with Empire Preference. He is examining the silver salver presented to him by the Dominion Premiers and engraved with their signatures as a recognition of his services as Chairman of last year's Imperial Conference

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

DANCING with a BLONDE

Mollie Panter Downes

I DON'T know why we've come to this place. To-night when Frank asked me where we should go for dinner ("Our first anniversary, darling!") I said Maxim's without thinking. Gerald and I used to come here such a lot, but of course Frank doesn't know that. If he did we shouldn't be here. Frank is so thoughtful, so terribly sensitive about those kind of things. The head waiter recognised me at once and put us at the corner table that Gerald always liked. Of course, Frank doesn't know that either, or else he wouldn't be sitting there so complacently eating pressed duck.

"First anniversary, dear!"

"First anniversary!"

Lift the glass, smile, press the knee under the table. One thing about Frank, he doesn't want much. Smile, press knee under table, and he goes back quite happily to his pressed duck. You're left in peace to sit and think. Gerald never. . . . No, I don't know why we've come to this place. Even in the old days I never liked it, but Gerald said that the food was good. I haven't been back here since the divorce. How long ago is that? It seems years. Years! That's why I thought it might be amusing to come here to-night. Amusing? Well—interesting, anyway.

"What are you thinking about with that solemn, big-eyed expression, Stella?"

"Was I looking solemn?"

Smile, press the knee again. A little harder this time. It's like feeding bananas to a monkey. Oh, but I am fond of him! I'm terribly fond of him. Fond—that's such a nice safe word and Frank is such a nice safe person. I've had enough of this passion business, thank you. So thoughtful, so sensitive in all the right ways. First anniversary, spray of orchids, and this morning that bracelet. Emeralds are my stone, there's no getting away from it. . . . Gerald wasn't thoughtful. My Lord, no! I have to laugh when I think of Gerald thoughtful. Self, self, self, all the time. He treated a woman like dirt, really. Everyone was surprised I stood it as long as I did.

Gerald came to Maxim's because *he* liked the food—it didn't matter that I hated the place. It didn't matter what I thought. He never once brought me flowers. Yes, once when we were first married and he came home with armfuls of dark red roses. Armfuls. He must have bought up the shop. That was just like Gerald. He loved doing showy, extravagant things—making a splash. Oh, how you made me suffer, you. . . . Don't think of it. Think of something else quickly. The tune that the band is playing, the new bracelet. Flash! It certainly looks very well with that broad diamond one. Frank is watching me, smiling.

"What a kid you are!"

"Oh, Frank, it's lovely."

I know that when I smile like that and open my eyes very wide I look childish and ingenuous. Frank likes that. Of course, he is a good deal older than I am. Just now, leaning over to speak to the waiter, the top of his head looked terribly thin. That's the worst of that fine silky hair, but he arranges it so cleverly that . . . my God!

WELL, this is very interesting. I've always wondered how I should act if I had a shock, a real shock. Now I know. I'm keeping my head wonderfully. I'd be good in a fire, a bad street accident.

Now take another look. I wish my heart wouldn't beat like this. Yes, of course, there was never any possibility of a mistake. He'll be angry because the head waiter hadn't kept his special table. I ought to know after five years. He expects everyone to treat him like royalty, special tables and strip of red carpet. There you are! He's looking across to our corner, frowning. Straight into my eyes. I wish my heart wouldn't. . . . But I'm still perfectly composed. I glance away from the doorway, quite casually, and find Frank still busy with his food as though the room wasn't spinning in circles round us.

"Don't look round, Frank. Gerald has just come in."

"Gerald?"

He stares foolishly, a fork halfway to his mouth. Then suddenly he goes red and looks ridiculous. Even the folds of neck that bulge over his collar are bright, angry red. But of course Frank is so thoughtful, so sensitive about those kind of things. He wouldn't have had this happen for . . .

"I say! What a confounded—I wouldn't have had this happen for the world, Stella!"

"I know, dear."

"We'll go at once. Waiter!"

"No, don't be absurd, Frank. Sit down again. The people at the next table are looking."

He sits down quickly. He hates to be conspicuous. But he still looks red and ruffled, an angry little bantam puffing out his chest.

"Of all the luck—! We go out for a quiet little celebration on our first anniversary, and we bump slap into that fellow. . . . What are you going to do? Cut him?"

"I suppose so. I don't know."

You bore me. Do you know that? You bore me, bore me, *bore me*. I've only just realised . . .

"What's he doing now?"

"I really haven't the least idea. For goodness' sake, Frank, let's forget him."

"Are you sure you wouldn't rather go?"

"Oh, for goodness' sake, Frank!"

He's sitting down at a table on the opposite wall. There's a woman with him, of course. A blonde. Well! I must say that surprises me. Gerald could never stand that obvious peroxide type. Anæmic, he called them. "I can't stand those anæmic women with straw-coloured hair and white eyelashes."

Well, he seems to be standing this one all right. Their knees must be touching under the table. That's a type of face I can't see at all. No character.

Illustrated by
C. P. SHILTON

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She's got quite a cute kind of profile, but wait till she stands up. I bet her ankles are terrible. Gerald always used to say that you can't judge a woman sitting down.

THEY must come on from a show or something—they're just having supper and a bottle of champagne. Yes, their knees are touching. She's common. Gerald must have picked her up at some place. What a voice, I ask you! You can hear it over here, right through the band. Gerald seems to like it, he's laughing. You always had a cheap taste in women. I told him that once, and he said, "You don't seem to have a very high opinion of yourself, do you?" He was always fond of saying cryptic things in a nasty sneering way. But why a blonde? That's what I can't figure out. He never could stand blonde women. Anæmic, he called them.

They're getting up to dance. There. Now. Look. Well, I suppose you wouldn't call that a bad figure. Not actually

"There's a woman with him, of course. A blonde. Well! I must say that surprises me. Gerald never could stand that obvious peroxide type"

bad. I've seen better legs. Of course that black dress is terribly obvious, but then you'd expect that type of woman to choose something obvious. I suppose it's meant to show up everything that one wouldn't want shown up—not as much as that, anyway. I'm ready to bet she hasn't got a stitch on under it. Not a stitch. Gerald's looking down, smiling. I bet he's not telling you that he made life hell for me for five years.

"Where's that fellow sitting?"

"He's over there, dancing with a blonde."

Frank's eyes, prominent, absorbed, staring. He seems to have forgotten that he's looking at the man who treated me like dirt for five years. He's not looking at Gerald at all, he's looking at the blonde. Yes, I suppose that's the kind of woman that men admire, really. They say they don't, but they do. Anything with three inches of paint on its face. "I don t like my wife to use make up," and then off they go after something with three inches of paint on its face.

Frank's face when he stares is so silly that I want to laugh. No, I don't. I want to scream, break something. But still I'm perfectly composed. I'd be good in an air raid, bandaging things.

"Let's dance, Frank."

Gerald and I used to dance together perfectly. Are you watching me? Oh God, make him be watching me! I'm far more attractive now than I used to be, you see. Men follow me with their eyes as I step on the floor. I wear my clothes better, I know my way about. You couldn't make me suffer now however hard you tried. Oh no! See me laughing? I'm so gay, so happy.

"Hold me a little tighter, dear; that's right."

They're right by us in the crowd.

"Hullo, Squirrel! How are you?"

Squirrel. He always called me . . . that funny sliding smile, just the same. How many times have I. . . . He looks ill. He's been drinking again. I wonder if he takes care of himself at all. He was always so dependent, like a kid. You had to be after him all the time, and then he'd grumble and call it fussing. He looks different, thinner, more . . .

"Very well, thanks. How are you?"

"Just back from China."

"Really? What fun!"

He takes no notice of Frank, just smiles at me, but in some way the smile seems to take in Frank and make him look ridiculous. And Frank feels it, he's gone red again. He's so sensitive, poor darling. Don't worry, Frank, he can't make me suffer any more. I know my way about. It's wonderful to feel free, to see Gerald flirting with another woman and not care a snap of the fingers. I'm amused, that's all.

"Let's sit down, Stella."

FRANK is still angry. I can tell by his voice. They've sat down, too. I might have asked Gerald just now, "Why the blonde?" Casual and laughing, "Why the blonde?" She's not even attractive when you see her close up. Just showy. That's always what Gerald liked—showy, theatrical things that make a splash. Still, I must say that I always thought he had better taste than that. Frank keeps on glancing furtively across at their table when he thinks I'm not looking. It amuses me to see how men will fall for something like that, all the obvious tricks that wouldn't take in a cat. Oh, I hate the pack of them. Frank, I hate you. Gerald, I hate you. I wonder if you still wake up looking like a sleepy little boy? Rumpled dark hair. Then you'd roll over and mutter "Squirrel," and throw out an arm. But you treated me like dirt. Of course, I'm not forgetting that. Everyone wondered why I . . .

"Ready to go, Stella?"

"Quite ready, dear. '

The car is waiting at the kerb. Frank gets in after me. The door slams. I wonder it he was watching me walk out, or if he was too occupied with that woman? I thought I heard her laugh. Not even attractive close up. I don't know why, I feel . . .

"Tired, darling?"

"A little tired dear."

"Seeing that fellow hasn't depressed you?"

"Why should it? He doesn't mean a thing to me now."

"When I thought of the way he treated you I wanted to go over and knock the brute down."

Yes, I noticed you. Men! All alike. I hate the pack of them. Frank's arm tightens round my shoulders, his moustache comes closer. A small blonde moustache. Blonde. *Why* the blonde? That's what I can't figure out. Of course, it doesn't mean a thing, but all the same . . . I'll wait till the end of the kiss and then I might say something. Quite casually.

"Did you happen to notice the woman Gerald had in tow? Yes, the blonde. Now would you call her attractive? You would?"

I'm feeling tired. That's what it is. My nerves are all on edge. Because somehow, I don't know why, I'd give anything to sit down and put my feet up and have a really good cry. I'm feeling tired. That's what it is. M. P. D.

FASHION CLINGS to the YOUTHFUL LINE

Molyneux retains the silhouette of a slim hip with flaring knee-flounce in this black crêpe georgette frock. A feature is the wonderful hand-worked quilting of the georgette, which gives it a rather stiffened quality. Model Molyneux

By
Blanche B. Elliott

WHILE seemingly there is no great change in the 1931-2 silhouette, there are still touches which are definitely different from that of the previous season. The many statements of Victorian exaggerations have been most misleading, and in no way represent prevailing tendencies. A critical analysis of the models shown at the big designers reveals, instead, a greater pursuit of the slim, elongated line; and, while there are frills, loops, and sash bows, these accentuate rather than take away from the desired slender effect. Of necessity, with economy as our watchword, we must use greater intelligence in our purchasing and buy to our own greatest advantage. The wise woman, therefore, will shun exaggeration, and, while this talk of Victorian revivals affords a lot of "copy" to the ill-informed fashion writer, actually the line, as I said last week, is more attenuated than ever.

ALL this—I was about to say vulgarly—"hot air" about fashion secrets boils down to the inherent desire on the part of the average woman to look as young and as attractive as possible. That, too, is the basic idea of the French designer, and the reason of his success. It is illuminating to hear the asides of the vendeuse to her French client (the most critical and clever of all her clients). The most pleasing comment she can make on a model, and one sure to be acceptable, is that it is "très jeune." Thus, the science of the bias cut has become a high cult, of which Vionnet is probably the greatest exponent, for the exact placing of a diagonal seam on the body, the floating fullness to the feet, can produce slimness where it is not, and herein lies the height of the dressmaker's art. To know how to reduce the average or individual figure "ad absurdum" is a feat of genius. How often do lesser artists place a frill too high on the hip or bodice when an inch or two lower would create a far slimmer outline?

A VERY important thing to watch is the feeling for the higher waistline, not only—if, perhaps, most insistently—in Patou's new evening

frocks, but in the recurring of the corselet skirt and the higher-placed and quite straight belt. The short jacket belts are kept a trifle high; it helps to give the youthful, up-and-down look so much desired. This makes skirts and limbs look longer when they are not actually so. Even the single-breasted coat seems to have its one button pulled up to a higher point in front. I always particularly love Patou's classic tailor-mades; they are so slick, svelte, and debonair, and the tailor suit is, after all, the Englishwoman's great stand-by and the garment in which she looks her best—always providing it is well cut.

THUS everything points to the fact that we must keep slim, and it is no use hiding behind frills and bows, and profess a desire for curves to hide our embonpoint. Even our top coats are cut with vandyked points and bias seams to give slenderness. The wide, pointed, and often one-sided revers come down to a narrowing waistline, and even tweed coats show more cut and fit than they have had for a long time. The long coat sleeve has a prevailing tendency to a rather bishop shape where the width slopes up towards the elbow. Often it has deep cuffs of flat fur which follow this outline, while a little epaulette top is indicated. The evening coat sleeve is the most exaggerated, and is wide, deep, with a gathered fullness, while the short coat has a fanciful cuff, a puff at elbow or at shoulder. The short fur coat of broadtail—black, brown, or white—has so established itself in universal favour that it may be adopted by the most conservative dresser, and the fur is so thin and adaptable that it is no more cumbersome than if fashioned of material.

A tailored frock in heavy flecked black and white silk which gives an effect of perfect balance in its simple lines. The peplum stands out from the hips, yet is not stiffened, and a suggestion of handkerchief knots appear on the white collar and cuffs *Lucien Lelong*

HATS continue to engage our attention. Women with a delightful inconsequence peculiar to themselves chose a moment of deepest depression and financial gloom to wear their hats at a new and saucy angle which has brought a welcome activity to the long-languishing milliner. Most of us are taking refuge in engaging little tricornes with a point over the right eyebrow, waiting in cowardly fashion which way the wind is to blow! For, as the little vendeuse said to me, indicating a model: "C'est déjà vieux! Nous avons fait ça il y à trois semaines!" B. B. E.

IN THE CAUSE OF CHARITY

The scene is a Committee meeting of all those authors who, at one time or another, have used the Riviera as their writing desk. The meeting takes place in a room of the Hôtel Provençal, Juan-les-Pins. Champagne, cigars, cigarettes, liqueurs, orangeade and iced water by kind permission of the management. The Chairman is Baroness Orczy, who wrote "Three Weeks," or was it? Just before the authors assemble Mr. Somerset Maugham enters, gives a cautious glance around and then slips under the table. A few seconds later the Committee take their places.

CH'MN: Are we all here?

MR. LLOYD OSBORNE (*Cap d'Antibes*): I think Mr. Somerset Maugham has not arrived yet.

TENNYSON JESSE (*Beauvallon*): Oh, yes, he has. I saw him.

CH'MN: Chasseur, allez chercher Monsieur Maugham.

CHASSEUR: Mumm, Mumm? Ce n'est pas un écrivain ça, c'est un champagne.

CH'MN: No, no, Maurumgham, not Mumm. (*Exit Chasseur.*) Well, ladies and gentlemen, as you know, we are gathered here to-day at the invitation of the Grand Duke of—the Grand Duke (*searches among papers*)——

REBECCA WEST (*Direction de Ste. Maxime*): Does it matter what Duke so long as it is a Duke?

CH'MN: Quite, quite. Well, the Duke has asked us to assist at a Fête de Bienfaisance pour les Jeunes Filles de Villefranche.

MICHAEL ARLEN (*Cannes, Cap d'Antibes, etc.*): Would you mind repeating that in English for the benefit of those who only understand their own French? Thank you.

CH'MN: It is the Fête of Well-doing for the young girls, that is, the—er——

H. M. HARWOOD (*Beauvallon*): I feel we ought to be very careful about this.

CH'MN: Young ladies will surely do.

EVELYN WAUGH (*Villefranche*): Why not debutantes, or not?

CH'MN: I do not think they are usually known as that in this country. (*Mr. Gilbert Frankau, of Cap Ferrat, late Beauvallon, is heard to mutter, "Shame."*) Oh, well, you can all look it up in the dictionary. Anyway, the Duke feels that it is an occasion on which we might like to make some return for any pleasure or benefit——

NORMAN DOUGLAS (*Nice and Bandol*): Or profit.

CH'MN: Any return for benefit that has come to us through the Riviera by assisting at this fête. We are here in order to find out what we may best do to help.

NORMAN DOUGLAS: Autographs will do the trick. They always do. I bet Maugham'll use a rubber stamp.

King Alfonso with his fidus Achates, the Duke of Miranda, having a look round Montreux. He lately arrived at Mentone alone with the Duke for breakfast unrecognised en route to Fontainebleau. He is still looking for a pied-à-terre. It is hoped he and his Queen will settle in England, where both are deservedly popular, as was shown not long ago when, in a certain Anglo-Spanish Club, his portrait was wilfully damaged, the English members resigned in protest

A VOICE: I always use a typewriter.

PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM (*Cagnes*): I dictate everything.

MICHAEL ARLEN: Can't any of you boys write? (*Uproar.*)

CH'MN: Order, please. I trust some of you can write your name in case of necessity. Now has anybody any suggestions?

EVELYN WAUGH (*to his brother Alec*): Isn't it wonderful to think that every time somebody puts his pen to paper in this room the public have to pay for it, or is it?

ALEC WAUGH: I don't know. I'm not sure whether it wouldn't have been better if father had put us in the photographic business. These society camera boys get an awful lot.

EVELYN WAUGH: Yes, but they only put your name in small italics at the bottom of the photo. The public never remember a name unless it's in large type, or does it? But it's not a bad idea for the vierges de Villefranche. Mr. Chairman — I mean Baroness—what about the authors taking photographs at this fête? The public always enjoy seeing fish out of their water.

PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM (*to H. M. Harwood*): Excuse me, old man, but as a matter of local colour, who is that blonde there?

H. M. HARWOOD: Blonde? That's no blonde. That's the back of a Waugh's head.

G. B. STERN (*Direction de Marseilles*): We might all dress up as some character in our books.

NOEL COWARD (*Monte Carlo, Cap d'Ail, etc.*): What a pity you haven't the pick of some of Feuchtwanger's girls, darling.

MICHAEL ARLEN: How about a little necromancy —thought-reading?

ALDOUS HUXLEY (*Bandol*): Let's keep sex out of this.

CHASSEUR: Je ne pouvais pas trouver Monsieur Mummumm.

CH'MN: I suggest we adjourn for lunch; we may be inspired with a mutually acceptable idea, and Mr. Maugham may turn up.

The writers slowly disperse to the restaurant. When they have all gone Mr. Maugham comes out from under the table, shuffling together some sheets of closely scribbled paper. The Chairman re-enters as Mr. Maugham hastily stuffs the MS. in his pocket.

CH'MN: Why, Mr. Maugham, we've been looking for you everywhere.

SOMERSET MAUGHAM (*Cap Ferrat*): You must f-forgive me. I was d-detained. I had to find some d-dialogue for my new play.

CH'MN: I trust you found it.

SOMERSET MAUGHAM: Thank you, every word. I thought perhaps we might give a performance of part of it for this Villefranche fête. We could call it, "C-charity in C-committee," don't you think?

CH'MN: Perfect Mr. Maugham. I was certain you'd solve our difficulties. (*Exit.*)

RICHARD VINER.

CONCHITA MONTENEGRO—THE DEBUTANTE STAR

Whose first starring rôle will be in "The Cisco Kid," a Fox film. The new Fox policy is to pick three of their small-part players each year to star in their productions, and Miss Montenegro's work will be followed with keen interest by filmland generally

NORTHERN SOCIETY at INVERNESS GAMES

On the right : Viscount Churchill, The Mackintosh, and Sir Theodore Brinckman at the Inverness Gathering. The pedigree of The Mackintosh in the Book of Iona has been traced back to Heth, the second son of Canaan. The power of the clan in the North in the bad old days was unparalleled, and to-day the head of the clan is a far greater personage than any belted Earl

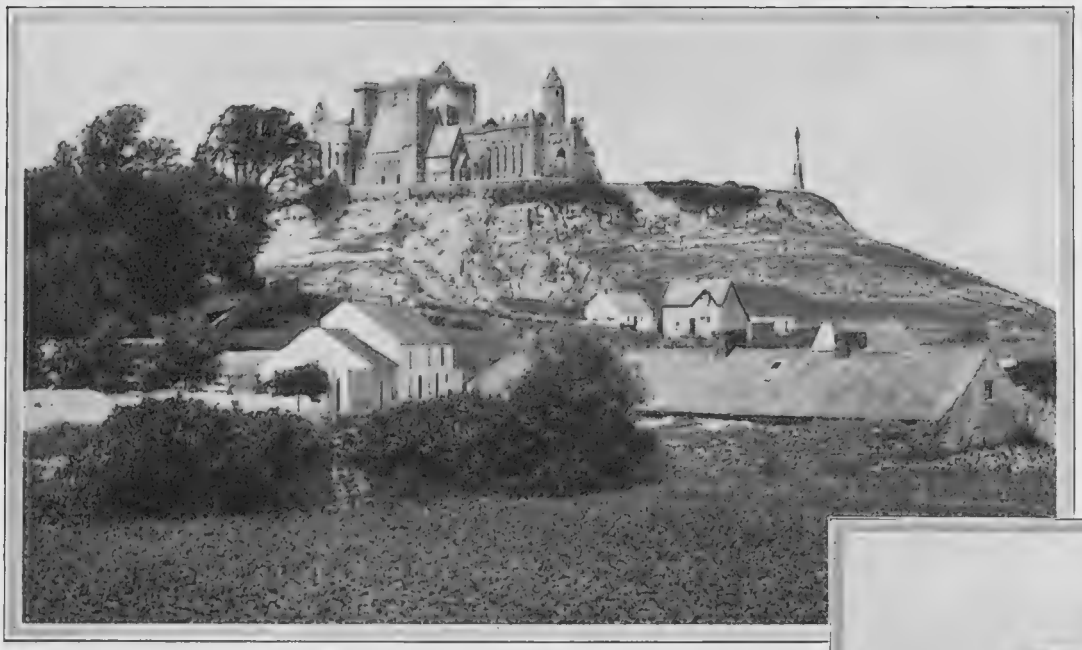
Viscount Fincastle, son and heir of the 8th Earl of Dunmore, the family being descended from that of the Athole's

Lord and Lady Malcolm Douglas-Hamilton were interested spectators. Lord Malcolm Douglas-Hamilton has only recently been married, his wife being a daughter of the Hon. Malcolm Bowes-Lyon

Sir Hector Munro of Foulis, Lord Lieutenant of Ross and Cromarty since 1899, enjoys the proceedings while indulging in a cigarette

WHY I WENT TO IRELAND!

By Comyns Beaumont



ROCK OF CASHEL

From where the Kings of Munster and then the archbishops lorded it, and described by many as the Soul of Irish Nationalism It was damaged by Cromwell and more damaged later by a bishop who could not climb the hill so built another cathedral with its stones

I WONDERED myself, on a certain morning when it was drizzling and chilly, and it seemed as if every blessed car on board the Ulster Prince, of the Belfast Steamship Company, had been landed, while my own Morris Isis, the best-looking and best kept of the lot, was being surreptitiously retained to the last . . . ugh! how demnably demp it was, to be sure . . . and those depressing Belfast docks; and did anyone ever see docks that weren't beastly depressing? . . . Why had I come to Ireland? My friends said I was a fool. "A longer passage than to France," said one. "A rotten rough crossing, the Irish Channel," said another. Others who had invited me to the Riviera, where I could picture them basking in the sun, with the glittering Mediterranean, had said, caustically, "Ireland? Have you had so much sunshine this summer (ugh!) that you want to go to Ireland, of all places?" Drip! drip! drip! I turned from the quay and looked across at the forest of great slips and cranes, and all the gadgets Harland and Wolff, and all the other world-renowned shipyards of Belfast, employ when there's work to do. To-day, just a dismal silence. . . . I thought of Free Trade, and Free Imports, and the stupidity of our politicians, and my own stupidity . . . and then my car was landed.

AT A FRONTIER POST

Mr. Smith, a Northern Ireland Customs Officer, guards the barrier between the North and the Free State

The author says that this portrait of Mr McCambridge, proprietor of the Montagu Arms Hotel, Portstewart, should go in because, despite the "Mac" in his name, he gave him a discount off his bill!

SHORTLY after the sun came out, and suddenly Belfast, enshrined between a purple mountain and the blue waters of the Lough, became radiant. Belfast without its jangling trams, and if they would pull down a few of its show buildings, would be a paradise to live in . . . you can do just what you want to do in Belfast, I soon discovered, from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. . . . I am going to tell you soon of the lovely scenery, the excellent roads, the

On Ballina Bridge. The "bhoys" in Ireland get no dole, but many come to England for it

WAYS OF TRANSPORT IN ERIN
Colleens of Killarney, with red shawl, red cart and the moke. Everybody who is anybody owns a donkey shay

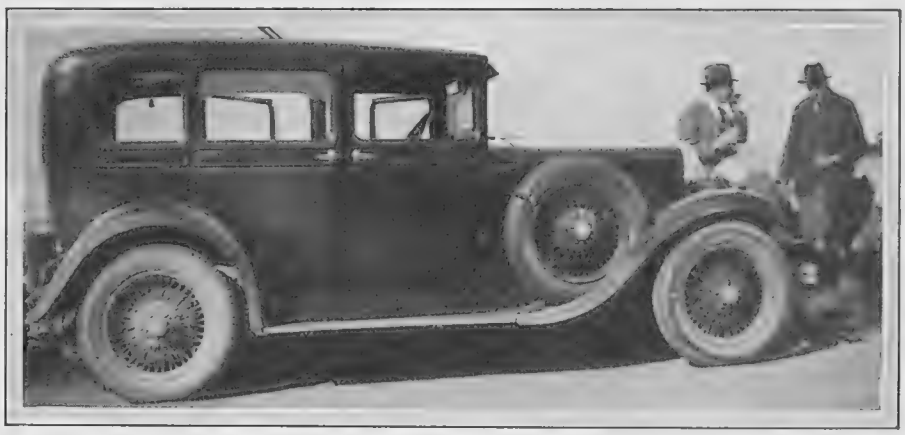
hospitality of the Irish, whatever their political and religious views, which count so much with them; and the police force, which knocks London sideways for politeness—not that I have ever been a London police fan myself. But before coming to these matters I must tell you that if you go to Ireland with a car you are helpless without the Automobile Association. The good old A.A. took me in hand from London, gave me a sort of personally conducted route to Liverpool, got me and my car on board, booked me a cabin, personally interviewed the chief steward for another, saw me off at Belfast, collected my Isis, filled her with petrol, and wished me a merry journey. Besides this, all over Ireland the signposts and road indications are erected by the A.A. They gave me an itinerary for the whole blessed country, threw in various printed special drives from centres, and charged me, as a member, nothing at all. The Lord bless you, Mr. Secretary Stenson Cooke, and long live the A.A.!

THEN in Belfast I ran across another good Samaritan, with an office just near to the Grand Central Hotel, where various old bad Belfast friends forgathered to see me safely out of their town. This gentleman was Capt. Macgill, of the Ulster Tourist Development Association, whose job seems to be to make life just easy for any visitor who crosses over, no matter how or why, and whether you want to go by train, motor coach, push-bike, hike, or car, it's all the same to Capt. Macgill. He gave me introductions to hotels, full of kind words, and when I tried this on Mr. McCambridge, the genial proprietor of the Montagu Arms Hotel at Portstewart—you stay there next time you go to Northern Ireland, and don't be beguiled to Portrush by any pretences—despite a name which signified caution in the first syllable, he insisted upon giving me a discount. And as I had played bridge overnight with Irish priests, who lost to me with a smile, I found the Montagu Arms, facing the sea and the blue-misted Donegal hills beyond, with golf clubs all over the place, church bells, a concert party of all-London stars, as per bills, and the tonic air, a really jolly place. Nor was this all Capt. Macgill did for me, a stranger. He lent me books on antiquities, books on travel, and gave me a booklet, its cover lettered in gold, written by the great Mr. St. John Ervine himself, for nothing. And Mr. St. John Ervine praised—yes, actually praised—every inch of Ulster. With this unusual blessing what man could ask more?

THE sun was shining . . . the pretty Ulster girls smiled gaily . . . the roads were open, and the air was like champagne . . . my car purred happily . . . Why had I come to Ireland? Well, I will tell you why. First of all, I wanted to get away from the hackneyed spots where everyone else goes. Biarritz . . . the hard glitter of the Corniche and the interminable hotels and concierges . . . the chocolate-hued women and Continental casinos. . . . I wanted to escape the sophistication of the tourist centres. And it seemed that after a pleasant crossing in a magnificent turbine steamer, in a few hours there I was, away from all the turmoil of business and the business of pleasure. Yes, Ireland is a rest cure. Then, too, I wanted to see what the Irish were like on their green island, and what they thought of us to-day, and whether the old strafe was still functioning as before, or getting rusty.

(*To be continued.*)

The fashionable moke in Clifden, Co. Galway, complete with panniers. The owner is so proud of her stud of two that if the author had not kissed the Blarney Stone he would never have got this picture



The other way—the author and a friend with his Morris Isis by the side of Lough Conn, Mayo, taking slight refreshment after arduous exercise

"THE SPHERE'S" INVITATION MEETING AT STOKE POGES CLUB

A merry group showing, from left to right, Messrs. W. W. J. Studd, Percy Barton, Alfred Pemberton, who won the Sealed Handicap, E. W. Barnley, Major G. Harrison, H. J. Jewell and A. J. Lewis

Mr. Cameron Anderson (+1), the winner of "The Sphere" Challenge Cup. His net score was 73, bogey being 78 for the old course, over which this event took place

Messrs. W. D. H. McCullough (left), Austin Reed, F. Bennett and W. J. Rand. The last-named won the Four-ball Foursomes with Mr. W. L. J. S. Reynolds, with a score of 6 up on bogey

The left-hand photograph shows Messrs. S. T. Garland and E. R. Roberts waiting to do battle, and on the right are seen Brig.-General E. N. Tandy and Mr. J. A. Dewar, the well-known owner of Cameronian

golf gossip

By LIEUT.-COL. W. ELWY JONES

"THE SPHERE" Invitation Meeting, that popular annual event organised by Mr. J. E. Bewsher, the advertisement manager of *The Sphere*, at Stoke Poges, produced some extraordinarily good scoring.

The Sphere Cup, eighteen holes medal play, under handicap, was won by Cameron Anderson with a score of 72+1 =73. W. L. J. S. Reynolds (11) 77 was second. Alfred Pemberton (7) 78 secured the prize for the sealed nine holes with 37½. This event was played on the old course, the bogey for which is 78.

In the afternoon in the four-ball foursome on the new course, W. J. Rand and W. L. J. S. Reynolds defeated bogey to the extent of 6 up. There was a tie for second place, Captain E. M. I. Buxton and Cameron Anderson, and Alfred Pemberton and G. Burnside Sprateley, both returning 5 up. The former couple received the prize by virtue of their better card for the last nine holes.

* * *

MY partner and I had a nerve-racking experience in the foursomes, we played with H. M. Panton and Vernon Haydon, the latter a player with a handicap of 2. I have never seen longer drives than his, and my caddy, who has been twelve years at Stoke, was confident that several were about 350 yards. Not only this, but with two exceptions they were all straight, and at the 15th, which measures 505 yards, he was well over the green with a drive and a mashie! To the other members of the foursome the effect was curious; tee shots, of which ordinarily we might have been quite proud, appeared to be the efforts of pigmies, and it speaks well for our powers of self-control that we did not miss many, if any, shots by trying to emulate his example. This driving of Haydon's is no new thing. I have before me a certificate from the Secretary of the Royal Wimbledon Golf Club which reads as follows:—

"This is to certify that on October 13th, 1929, Mr. T. H. V. Haydon, playing with Mr. H. Redpath and Mr. I. A. Anderson, drove a ball at the 15th hole a distance of 420 yards, the ball finishing just short of the green on an up slope.—Signed H. C. C. Tippet, Secretary."

"SPHERE" GOLFERS AT STOKE POGES

Mr. J. Bewsher (right), presenting "The Sphere" Challenge Cup to the winner, Mr. Cameron Anderson (+1). The winner returned the excellent score of 73, bogey for the course being 78

* * *

THE Devil's Punchbowl competition at Hindhead always produces a good entry and much interest; this year was no exception. For the first time on record a member of the home club won the event. J. P. Upton Sinclair (6) with 147 was the winner, T. F. B. Law (Harrogate) being the runner-up, three strokes behind. A. Stanley Anderson (Hindhead), an ex-boy-international, won the scratch prize with a score of 71 for the first eighteen holes.

* * *

BERT HODSON and Henry Cotton played an exhibition match to celebrate the opening of the new course at Llanwern, near Newport (Mon).

Hodson and Cotton played against two well-known local amateurs, Roger Chapman and G. S. Emery, to whom they conceded four holes and defeated them by four and two.

In the afternoon, in a stroke round, Hodson was enabled to claim the record for the course with 69 as against Cotton's 71. Hodson holed a chip shot at the 11th (190 yards) for a two on each round.

* * *

TOM CREAVY won the American Professional Golf Championship, which was refereed by Bobby Jones. He defeated Densmore Shute by 2 and 1 in the 36 holes final.

* * *

W. B. TORRANCE and G. S. Noon, representing Royal Burgess, beat Bass Rock, R. B. Denholm and P. Flynn, by 2 and 1 in the final for the Scottish inter-club foursomes at Longniddry.

* * *

THE 15th (126 yards) at Dulwich and Sydenham Hill was holed in one by W. Bone.

Mark Seymour (left), the professional who is engaged in a Glasgow store, and A. H. Padgham who met in the final of the "News of the World" £1,040 tournament on the Royal Mid-Surrey Course last Friday. Padgham, a young assistant at Forest Row, Sussex, won by 5 and 4 thus adding materially to his fast-growing reputation

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

TWO LADIES AND TWO SATIRES By "Junius"

THE successful dramatist and novelist would seem to be anything but heroes to two, at least, of their sisters of the pen, if one may judge by two novels—*Return I Dare Not* (Heinemann: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Margaret Kennedy, and *Full Circle* (Secker: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Elinor Mordaunt. The two books have a similarity of idea, but that is all. The treatment of the idea is vastly different, and the honours undoubtedly lie with Mrs. Mordaunt. She has pilloried an individual. Miss Kennedy has pilloried a system.

LET us take *Return I Dare Not* first. To begin with, a cumbersome title. And, alas! there are only flashes here and there of the reality and humanness of *The Constant Nymph*. Miss Kennedy's hero is Hugo Pott, a successful dramatist. He has been photographed—even in bed—and paragraphed into an entirely imaginary Hugo Pott. He has the reputation of being amusing. His sole aim in life is to appear to be the Hugo Pott his "publicity" has made him out to be. In short—a life of wearing a perpetual mask; a life of perpetual play-acting.

SO far, so good. The satire on "publicity" is clever and true. But when Miss Kennedy takes Hugo Pott to spend a week-end at a country house in Hampshire, reality departs. Most of the women, a grandmother included, seem to have made adultery a fine art in their lives. The atmosphere of that week-end party is so unreal, so *factice*, that when Hugo Pott takes the wrong train on the Monday morning, in a passionate desire to escape all further "publicity" by burying himself at Torquay, you wonder what it is all about. A jury would say it was because he had failed to be amusing; Miss Kennedy's idea, obviously, was to show that he was weary of wearing the mask. Unfortunately, she hasn't interested you one scrap in Hugo Pott.

MRS. MORDAUNT follows another method. Her successful novelist, Leverson Hurle, is the be-all and end-all of her story in *Full Circle*. Unlike Miss Kennedy's Hugo Pott, he dominates circumstances; he never allows circumstances to dominate him. This book will cause what is called a flutter in the literary dovecotes—if such there be. I must not dot "i's" or cross "t's," but after reading this brilliantly written novel one is left with the impression that Leverson Hurle—a few minor differences excepted—is drawn from life. If my impression is right, Mrs. Mordaunt has carried the war into the enemy's country and given a particular author a taste of his own quality in scarifying brother-authors.

BUT malice, envy, egregious selfishness, caddishness, all the ugly things with which Mrs. Mordaunt endows Leverson Hurle, when repeated, insisted and dilated upon throughout three hundred and some odd pages, grow monotonous. But Leverson Hurle, and all the people with whom he comes in contact, are living, vital, real folk, utterly different from Miss Kennedy's congeries in the Hampshire country house. But, so far as the general reader is concerned, is it worth while, I wonder, for these two clever writers to spend their time and their talent in satire that could have been just as effectually expressed in a newspaper article?

Douglas

MRS. ELINOR MORDAUNT

Whose new novel, "Full Circle," is reviewed on this page. It is published by Secker at 7s. 6d.

MOST of you, I expect, have read Rupert Grayson's *Gun Cotton*. If you haven't, you should do so at once if you want to add to your gallery of "fiction favourites," as they say in America. Happily, Mr. Grayson has not allowed the hero of that book to remain in a state of happy-ever-after with the lady of his heart, and in *Death Rides the Forest* (Nash and Grayson: 7*s.* 6*d.*) we have Gun Cotton again, cutting Gordian knots and frustrating villainy with the same twinkle in his eye and calm imperturbability.

Death Rides the Forest is a rattling good story, smacking of Ruritania, perhaps, but alive, vivid, and real, and dominated all through by the personality of Gun Cotton. In fairness to Mr. Grayson, I can't tell you the plot beyond that it concerns consummate devilry in a little principality, and that Gun Cotton defeats that devilry all along the line.

The sword duel at the end of the book is one of the best things of the kind that I have read for a long time. And so cleverly done that until the final stroke you are in doubt as to which of the combatants is going to win. I hope Mr. Grayson will find some more work for Gun Cotton to do. He is too interesting and dominant to be left for ever between the pages of two books.

YOU read a novel. You are pleased, interested, thrilled, or just the contrary. But how few novels there are that can leave what one may call a fragrance in the mind. *The Running Footman* (Gollancz: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by John Owen, leaves this fragrance. It is a beautiful story. And in these days, when novelists heap sex questions upon us by the shovelful, the whole-souled devotion to an ideal of John Deere, running footman to my Lord Viscount Bringle, is as refreshing as a breeze amongst pine trees.

IT is a story of the eighteenth century, when noblemen had a footman running before their "charruts" to make it known that a person of high quality was coming and that the community should made room and give its "bobs" and deferent salutation. It was a cruel, brutal custom, with an inevitable end — death from lung trouble.

MR. OWEN has captured the spirit of the eighteenth century with its noblemen, such as Lord Bingle, to whom servants were no more than cattle, and all the surroundings of a big country house, its power and tyranny. John Deere becomes running footman to Lord Bingle through his mother's ambition that he should be in service at the "great house." He falls in love with the governess, and his whole life is coloured and inspired by that love. The governess marries Lord Bingle's son, and the last run that John Deere makes, from London to Suffolk and back to bring the bride flowers is the culmination of a tragedy.

YES, this is without any question a beautiful, a profoundly touching book; a book that makes you believe in the purity of thought and self-abnegation for an ideal that still exists in human nature.

SHOOTING NOTES

FAIR COVERT-SHOOTING PROSPECTS

By "Clodhopper"

ACCORDING to the sportsman's calendar, pheasant shooting opens to-morrow, October 1. But, with the exception of a few odd brace of hedgerow birds for the larder, the "long-tails" will be left in peace until November. By then the combined forces of frost, wind, and rain will have caused a sufficiently heavy fall of leaf and foliage to render covert-shooting practicable.

ALTHOUGH in many districts great toll was taken of the young broods of wild pheasants by heavy rains and cold nights during the spring, hand-reared birds have, generally, done remarkably well. As in previous years, some outbreaks of disease have been reported from various counties, and poor "patches" here and there are, of course, inevitable. Taken on the whole, however, covert owners who, financially, were in the happy position of being able to rear on a big scale again this season have, one ventures to say, very little fault to find with the present pheasant shooting prospects.

THE deplorable state of the money market and agricultural and industrial depression have naturally caused curtailed rearing and a serious reduction in the staff of keepers and helpers on not a few well-known shoots in various parts of the country. This means that game farmers have, too, been very hard hit, whereas last season the demand for eggs, poults and adult birds was almost greater than the supply.

SMALLER bags of pheasants will, therefore, be yielded by some of the famous preserves in Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridgeshire, Hampshire, Sussex, and the Midland and Home Counties during next month and December than were obtained in the corresponding months of the bumper game year of 1930.

BUT, as mentioned above, where hand-rearing has been carried on extensively, covert-shooting promises to be excellent. Despite the unfavourable weather that prevailed in the rearing-fields during the most critical period of incubation, comparatively few careful keepers who really "know their job" are grumbling at the pheasant crop, and seldom have I seen young birds looking better or stronger on the wing so early as this in the season.

ALL the same, the October corn bill should be the heaviest of the year in regard to pheasants, especially if plump-breasted and high-flying birds are required. Thanks to a late harvest an unusually large quantity of scattered corn still lies on the stubbles round the coverts, while there is also an abundance of natural food in the form of wild fruit, berries, and buckwheat. Such provender, however, will very soon be gleaned clean by the furred and feathered inhabitants of the fields and woodlands. The feed-stacks should therefore be frequently replenished and a bounteous covert-feeding of small corn given by the keepers.

ENTER PHEASANT SHOOTING

To-morrow, October 1, sees the start of pheasant shooting, and, above, guns are seen in action in a Sussex glade. We hasten to add that the photograph was not taken during the close season

OWING in a great measure to an exceptionally wet spring and summer, hand-reared pheasants have thrived wonderfully well on dry-feeding from the first fortnight of their existence to the time of being put to covert. Though I am still of the opinion that the old—and distinctly more messy and complicated—methods of feeding are bad to beat, the simpler, labour-saving, and more economic dry feeding from the bag, is undoubtedly becoming most popular amongst game preservers and their keepers. Mr. Cecil Armitage, of Armitage Brothers, Ltd., the widely known Colwick game food manufacturers, assures me that, notwithstanding bad times and reduced rearing on so many of the principal shootings, there has been quite a big demand for dry foods this season. He also tells me that in the majority of districts throughout the country served by his firm the outlook in regard to pheasants is favourable enough.

IT is good to know that Mr. George Pinckard has been able to let the sporting rights over his delightfully situated and well-stocked estate at Chiddingfold, Surrey, mention of which, by the way, was made in my Notes of a few weeks ago. Mr. Pinckard has had great success with his pheasants, which, thanks to the right kind of feeding and attention, are in very forward condition.

SIR JOHN DEWRANCE, who is deer stalking in Inverness-shire, writes me as follows about the partridges and pheasants on his wonderful manor at Thetford, Norfolk: "I have a report from my agent that partridges have suffered a great deal more in some parts of the shoot than others. We do not yet know much about the pheasants, but Lord Fisher, a next-door neighbour, tells me that the majority of young partridges and *wild* pheasants were killed by the wet weather. But it is difficult to tell. Last year at this time we did not expect a record bag. We killed, however, rather over 10,000 head of game. The grouse here (Braulen) are lamentable. On some beats there are absolutely none."

MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING NOTE

PICKING UP BARGAINS.

MANY people have had to cancel their shooting engagements, but the rearing of pheasants has perforce been carried on according to routine on a great number of estates. The consequence is that alluring offers are made of guns and whole shoots that have never before gone begging. Amongst the persons who early took fright at the turn events were taking are a goodly number who, as the year nears its end, are faced with a free balance that needs a home. To apply it to the enjoyment of some really good covert shooting would be a patriotic act, inasmuch as it would remain in the country and relieve the burden on some heavily pressed landowner who has commercialised his sporting amenities in the reasonable expectation of finding customers. To pay his charges is to equalise finance as between differently circumstanced people, and in the process confer that delightful form of charity which yields as great pleasure to the donor as the recipient. Partridges are a disappointment, pheasants, as is almost usual, promise to fill the gap; therefore, how great the inducement to enjoy some really good sport on inclusive terms which leave no doubt as to the expenditure involved. The careful spender can rely on seeing the crisis through; should the opposite occur a little difference in the final margin will hardly count. Hence, do your little to assist sport to turn the corner.

VIEWS on the FLYING ROUTE to CAPETOWN

The harbour at Corfu, where our Indian and African air mail 'planes land for the night, taken from the "Valetta," and showing one of Imperial Airways' machines at anchor. This ancient city is becoming of international importance with air travellers passing through from all parts of the world

The Short "Valetta" seaplane at Butiaba, with one of the Imperial mail 'planes in the background. Some idea of the size of the "Valetta" can be gauged from the figures of the crew on its back

A recent photograph of Athens, showing the Acropolis in the foreground. During the winter, Athens will be an air junction, passengers for the East proceeding to Haifa, in Palestine, and those for Africa to Alexandria

There is to be no increase in Imperial Airways' fares from England to any part of Europe, Africa or the East. The published rates ruling at present will be maintained in sterling, which means that air travel is now definitely cheaper than by rail to the Continent

Photographs by courtesy of Sir Alan Cobham

DOGS

Right: Miss E. Paddy's champion Samoyeds enjoying a morning constitutional at Torquay. They come from the Belton Kennels

Below: Mr. W. K. Lee's Welsh sheepdog, "Chalcot Boss," winner of the Trials (Junior Stakes) at the recent Working Trials at the Crystal Palace. This is the first time that this breed of dog has won in this class

OH! FOR O-BEDIENCE

By LADY KITTY RITSON

THERE was great pleasure last week when a little Welsh sheep dog won the Junior Stakes at the Alsatian Trials. The Alsatian, Army, and Police Dog Society has very sensibly opened its trials to various breeds of dogs, and I must say that it deserves great credit for so doing, as it has done all the spade work of the past ten years. Now, however, many breeds of dogs are allowed to compete, and anybody who wishes to train a dog should either join this Society (Secretary, Mrs. Howard, Little Tangley, Wonersh, Guildford) or the Southern Alsatian Training Society (Secretary, L. Nash, 188, Emmanuel Road, Streatham).

I GIVE these addresses as so many people write to me about dog training and wish to train their dogs. Should you not have time to train a dog yourself, yet wish to have it trained for simple "obedience," which comprises walking at heel on the lead, off the lead, remaining "down" till called for, retrieving, etc., I can give you the name of a private trainer who does all this for a very moderate sum, so that the dog is returned to you a responsible canine individual which it is a pleasure to take out.

I THINK it would be an excellent plan if more people would train their dogs to be really obedient, especially terriers, which are notoriously self-willed. I have hardly ever seen a terrier that will wheel round and return instantly when called, as a dog should. It is quite ludicrous to see the average terrier out with the average owner. Many people write to me and ask how they can prevent their dogs rushing after other dogs, cats, and so forth. It is very difficult to do this when the dog is full-grown, and by that time you may be obliged to have recourse to stringent methods, such as a spiked collar.

THIS is stringent, but not cruel. Take the dog out in a spiked collar and on a thin piece of cord, which you can let trail. When he makes a dash, shout "No," at the same time jerking him hard, so that the collar pricks him. He will soon learn to associate the word "No" with something drastic.

BUT if you inculcate obedience as a puppy, you will have no trouble. It is so easy to bring a puppy back to your side with a sharp "Heel," and by the time it is an adult dog it will realise that it must obey the moment it hears your voice. I have no patience with the people who say, "My dog has never known what it is to have a slap." One generally hates the dog in question.

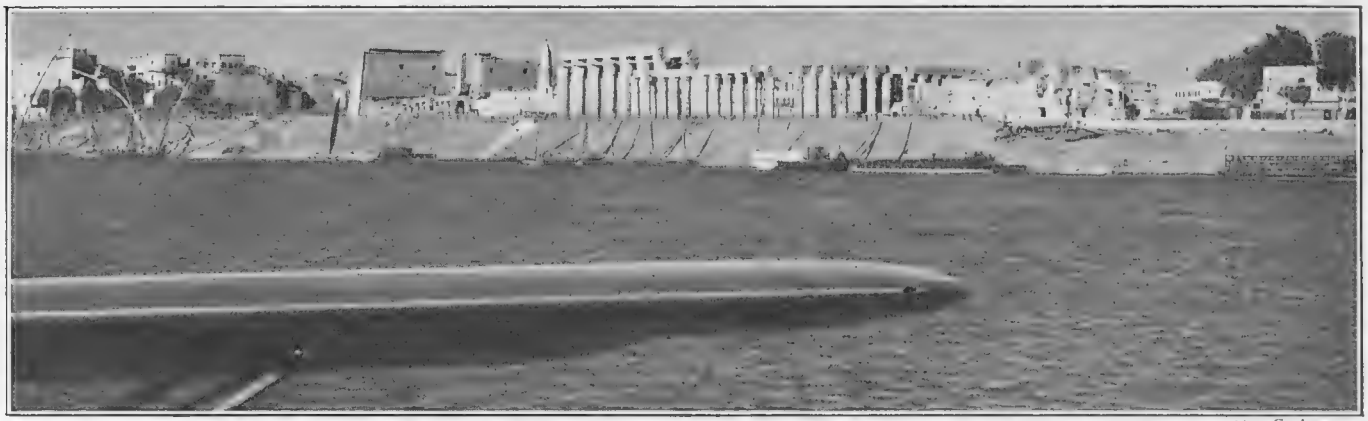
TERRIERS and dachshunds "take the cake" for disobedience and general unruliness. This comes partly from the work for which they were originally bred. They were supposed to go to ground after badgers and foxes and not to come back till the job was finished, no matter how long it took.

The Prince of Wales's Alsatian "Claus of Seal," with the cup competed for by British-bred Alsatians at the Alsatian, Army, and Police Dog Society's Show at the Crystal Palace. It was given by Mrs. Howard, of the Claus of Seal Kennels

YOUR FRIENDS EXPECT the whisky you offer them to reflect your own good taste. It should embody good fellowship—mellowness and the rare qualities of age. Avoid all disappointment—by giving them **HAIG** . . . . No finer whisky goes into any bottle.

FLYING NOTES

THE FLIGHT OF THE £ By Capt C. E. Ward



Photograph by courtesy of Sir Alan Cobham

A splendid view of Luxor showing the temples on the bank of the Nile — This is one of the places of interest seen by air travellers on their way to Central Africa

British Aircraft Cheaper Abroad

IN common with other manufactured articles, British machines are now cheaper abroad than they were a few weeks ago, and a considerable "push" is in progress by firms such as De Havillands selling private aircraft to stimulate their sales in Europe, the Far East, and South America. If this is successful the seasonal drop in sales due to bad flying weather over here in the winter will be arrested, and there is a chance that prices will fall next spring. This flying business is one in which we must maintain our lead. The £ sterling having gone away on a short flight, it gives us a priceless opportunity to send abroad hundreds of aeroplanes to fetch it back again. The superiority of our designs has already secured a considerable export trade, and I see no reason why the British aircraft industry should not be built up on the same lines as the American car trade, which is the largest and most prosperous in the world. There are two points for our manufacturers to consider: can they increase their production easily and without delay, and have they established an efficient sales and service organisation abroad? The results from the British Empire Exhibition held in Buenos Aires were disappointing, partly due to the high price then prevailing for British aircraft, and also to the fact that the young people of Latin America have not yet taken to flying to the same extent as those in the Empire and the United States.

Mr. R. A. C. Brie hovering a few feet above the lawn of the Gleneagles Hotel, Perthshire, in his Cier autogiro. He landed and took off in a space of only ninety yards

Through to the Cape

THE extension of Imperial Airways' line to Cape Town is expected before the end of the year, and, in fact, the company has announced its arrangements for carrying the usual load of "Air Mail" covers which are despatched by collectors on any "first flight" of this kind. Particulars of this facility can be obtained from Airways Terminus at Victoria Station, S.W.1, the latest date for the receipt of collectors' covers being November 14. It is expected that the ordinary air mail rates per half-ounce will be ninepence and one shilling to Rhodesia and South Africa respectively. Rhodesia will be reached in nine days from London, and the terminus at Cape Town in eleven days. Some of the places on the route which will have a direct connection with London for passengers, goods and mails, are Nairobi, Dodoma, which can draw traffic from all parts of central Tanganyika by rail, Broken Hill for the Northern Rhodesian mines, and the Belgian Congo, Salisbury, Bulawayo, Johannesburg, and Kimberley.

Monoplane versus Biplane

BIPLANES of the Hercules class, built by De Havillands for the Indian route, are to be used from Kenya to Cape Town pending the delivery of up-to-date four-engined monoplanes which are under construction by Armstrong Siddeleys. The Hercules type has had an amazingly good record for reliability, thanks principally to the careful maintenance of their slow-running Jupiter engines and the employment of first-class pilots, but it is now rather slow for use on a trunk route. The Germans, the Dutch, and to a large extent the Americans, have found monoplanes more economical to construct and maintain than biplanes, and therefore Imperial Airways' decision to use the former type south of the Equator may help to settle the argument as to which is better. The Schneider Trophy machines were monoplanes, and the Short Valetta seaplane used by Sir Alan Cobham on his trip to Central Africa this year had only one plane. Incidentaliy, I hear that it has a fine performance, is as light and positive on controls as a Moth, and can definitely be steered in any direction on the water, irrespective of wind and tide, by virtue of efficient water rudders fitted to the floats. Sir Alan Cobham states that the machine would be equally good as a landplane.

The "Air Annual"

THE edition for 1932 is a work of reference which should be on the bookshelf of everyone interested in flying. Its contents are extremely accurate and comprehensive, covering the whole range of Service and civil machines, with excellent photographs, including also a French and Spanish section. The number of articles has been reduced, but each is by an acknowledged authority, and many very interesting theories are advanced in a manner which can be easily understood by the non-technical reader.

Fashions Fancies

PARIS VARIES ITS ENSEMBLES

Autumn ensembles are made of many fabrics and those from Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, tailor-made department are witnesses that monotony is banished. The model on the left, of which the coat is shown, is carried out in a new wool fabric which is neither an omdamoussa nor a duvetyn; the fox collar has three heads and the dress is of silk georgette. The other model is also of a wool fabric showing a lace effect; it is of a lovely lacquer-red shade; the cap is of the same fabric, while the necklace is of miniature rings made of simulé ivory

CARACUL SCORES A TRIUMPH

COATS OF ERMINE, SABLE AND BLACK MUSQUASH, ANGEL SLEEVES, AND A SABLE STOLE

Reproductions in Furs

THE graceful lines of the new season's coats lend themselves admirably to reproduction in fur, and Revillon Frères, 180, Regent Street, W., have taken advantage of the fact. It is pleasant news that, generally speaking, prices are about half that of last season. The morning fur coat is from 30 to 36 inches long, for the afternoon the same as the dress skirt, or it may be lacking one inch, while, for the evening, there is the short bolero of ermine—the threequarter-length coat that reveals some 15 to 20 inches of the skirt. Many of the coats wrap over, while others have a decided flair.

Above: Yardley's Lavender with the lovable fragrance is present in all these toilet preparations. They are in complete harmony with the modes of modern days

Left: An Artvel Rayon velvet gown of slender, graceful lines, tightly moulded at the hips and subsequently flared. The printed Artvel wrap acts as an admirable foil

Brown in All Shades

BROWN in all shades is regarded as modish for daytime wear. It has, however, a formidable rival, and that is black. At Revillon's there are lovely coats of mink, black and brown caracul, natural musquash and Persian lamb, and others of grey, beige, and sable squirrel. The sleeves and the collars are particularly interesting. It is in introducing novelties in this respect that this firm excel. A feature is here made of coats of cloth and tweed enriched with marmot, whitecoat, raccoon, and Persian lamb. It was an inspiration on their part to add a bolero of caracul to a black cloth coat.

Brown Galyat and Caracul

IT is extremely difficult to differentiate between caracul and galyat, as the markings are the same. An interesting coatee of the Eton genre was expressed in white caracul trimmed with ermine dyed a Russian sable shade. A black caracul coat, with a decided waisted effect, had a crossover of ermine. Then there was an old-world tippet of dyed and natural ermine; it had a particularly amusing stand-up collar about an inch wide. There was an ermine cape reinforced with modified angel sleeves. How they were held in position is a mystery that would be well worth solving.

Ribbed Ermine

ALMOST luxurious evening wrap was carried out in snow-white ermine. Considerable interest was aroused by the "depth" of the fur. It had been treated in such a way that it looked as though it were ribbed. It really had been cleverly stitched by experts in the art of the furrier. A black velvet wrap was collared and cuffed with white fox; the fur was divided into sections with narrow strappings of black velvet. There were some very useful scarves in which two shades of fur were present, with barrel muffs to match. They were not at all expensive. In striking contrast was a stole composed of eight natural Russian sable skins, and the price was a thousand pounds.

The Charm of Artvel

VELVET, like fur, is endowed with unique "flattering" qualities, therefore all women will accord a warm welcome to the new Rayon Velvet Artvel. Among its manifold advantages is that it will stand repeated washing, and is practically uncrushable. The colours are guaranteed to be fast. The plain shades look perfectly lovely when converted into graceful frocks like the model portrayed, while for coatees and evening wraps printed Artvel is to be warmly recommended. This material is sold by the piece or in made-up garments by outfitters of prestige. A new accessory has made its debut; it consists of a small cape which is attached to a belt at the back.

PULL UP
your sleeve —the LINK EXPANDS!

No fuss with cuffs or rolling of sleeves for a wash or the odd job, pull up your sleeve—that's all! *"The cuff grips where you wish."*

EXPANDA CUFF LINKS

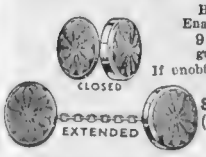
A sound job—not a toy.

Rolled Gold - 2/6 Double extension - 3/6

Hand Enamelled 5/6 per pair.

9ct. gold 30/- per pair.

If unobtainable locally send direct. *Trade enquiries invited.*



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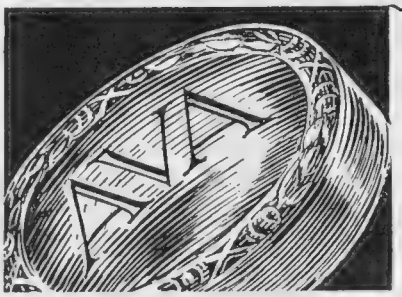

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Eau-de-Cologne

SOAP

Box of 3 Tablets, 2/-

SINGLE 8D TABLET

Guest Size, 3d.

Oatmeal Soap, 4d. Tablet. White Heather Soap, 6d. Tablet. Eau de Cologne from 1/6 bottle. Eau de Cologne Hair Fixative, 1/-

WATCH the wonderful difference Ava Soap makes to your skin. The ingredients in Ava have been specially treated by ultra-violet rays — and that means it gains amazing efficacy to keep your skin fresh and soft and free from skin defects. Silky smooth and enchantingly perfumed with Eau de Cologne, Ava Soap will also delight you with its economy in use.

Ava products are British and made in London.

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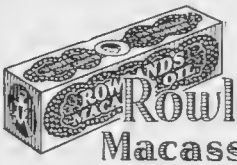
FOR 138 YEARS!

Rowland's Macassar Oil has enjoyed world-wide fame as the perfect hair dressing.

It is the nearest approach to the natural oil of the scalp, the deficiency of which so often is the cause of thin or conditionless hair.

A little of the oil well rubbed into the roots of the hair every morning will maintain it in fine condition.

Of all chemists, stores and hairdressers, 3/6, 7/- and 10/6. Red for dark hair, golden for fair or grey hair.



Rowland's Macassar Oil

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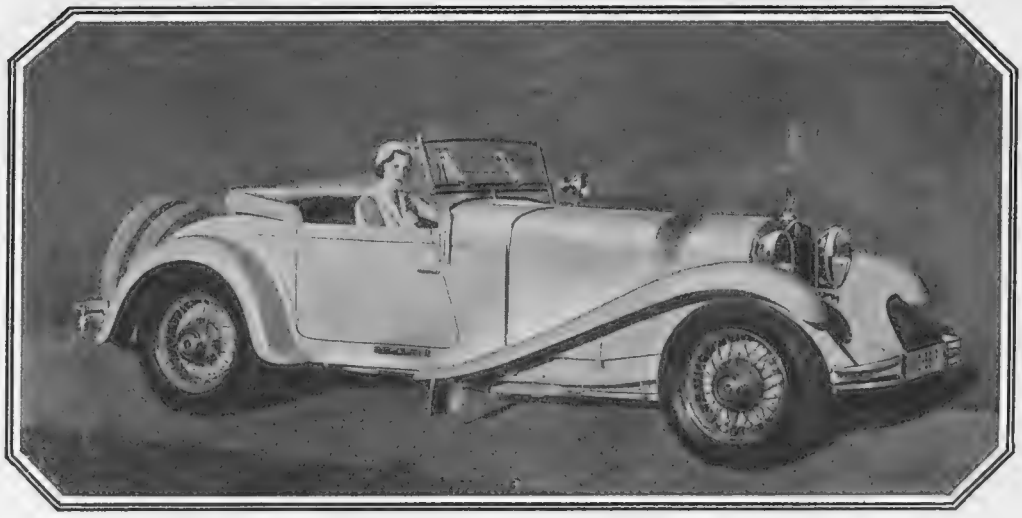
MOTOR NOTES

CONTINENTAL COMPARISONS

By E. M. WRIGHT



An entirely new Mercédès Benz, a 26/80 h.p. six-cylinder side-valve sports model of advanced design. Its distinguishing features include a downswept chassis, multi-range gear box, automatic chassis lubrication, and servo-operated brakes

WITH the opening of the Paris Salon on Thursday comes the first of the great autumn Shows. Paris may set the fashion in women's wear, but in matters motoring we go our own way. I do not in the least suggest that we do ignore, or could afford to ignore, developments on the other side of the Channel; but our ways are not their ways, and what appeals to the Continental motorist does not always attract the average owner-driver here. The Paris Salon and our own Olympia are the only two Shows in the world which have a recognised international appeal, and of these Olympia is far more representative of world motoring than Paris. Not so many years ago Paris and Olympia shared the honours, but in recent years Olympia has gained at the expense of the Salon, and, to my mind, the reason is clear enough. Motoring on the Continent, even in France, is still looked upon as something of a luxury to be indulged in by sportsmen and enthusiasts, and not as a utility. Paris is the Show for the car connoisseur, whilst Olympia more and more seeks to attract Mr. Everyman.

***

THERE are many famous firms on the Continent who build, as we build, for the average owner-driver, but there are more firms proportionately who specialise in sporting and luxury types. I can quickly count up at least a dozen Continental firms whose cars are world-famous on the race track or are certain prize-winners at Concours d'Elégance. But I can recall comparatively few which are world-famous simply because of their appeal to the multitude—two or three firms in France, one or two in Italy, and a few in Germany, and you have exhausted the list. Here, on the other hand, the cars we know well are the cars that are seen every day in the streets. Even more significant is the fact that many of our most successful racing cars are but specialised versions of successful utility types. Luxury we can offer, greater luxury than probably any other country in the world, but even here we have the utility complex. And perhaps that explains the fact that our greatest luxury cars are known all over the world, whilst, with a few outstanding exceptions, the firms on the Continent who build for the luxury market are often but names to most of us—if, indeed, their names are known at all.

***

NEVERTHELESS, although Paris no longer has any direct and immediate message to the average British manufacturer, the British manufacturer has a message for the Continental owner-driver. Though Olympia is the more representative Show, Paris is the real key to the Continent. And it is to me incredible that year after year British representation at Paris is so woefully inadequate. The quality is there, I grant you, but where are the numbers? What must be the impression of the average motorist *and dealer* who visits the Salon? He has no means whatever of appraising the wide range of types and models that we have to offer. The common belief that British cars are unsuited to the Continent is due almost entirely to the fact that the average motorist abroad has had no opportunity of seeing for himself what those cars are like or what they will do. Trade in motor cars, or in any other commodity, will not fall into our laps. We must go forth and seek it out. Paris will give us the entrée into a field which we have scarcely begun to explore.

***

MANY striking new models will be seen at this year's Salon. Perhaps the most significant departure of all is the increasing number of small utility cars. What I have said of Continental motoring is true only of to-day. Europe is becoming more motor-minded, and the sporting enthusiast or grande dame who buys a car merely because it looks well in the Bois de Boulogne will soon be entirely eclipsed by the owner-driver who buys a car primarily as a means of getting about. Significant of the change in taste is the introduction of a baby car by a firm which have hitherto specialised in high-power sporting models. Another development which shows which way the wind is blowing is the appearance of a new six-cylinder baby car similar to the type which has become so popular in this country.

***

THE Salon will have its quota of unorthodox types. There is, for instance, a Diesel-engined model, whilst another interesting novelty is a car with optional front or rear drive. But the glory of the Salon will be its big cars. Even in these days of financial stress the Continental motorist still loves the immensely powerful multi-cylinder car with long and sweeping lines. Compared with the small number of new large cars announced by British makers this year, there is a veritable spate of

(*Continued on page* iv)

Miss Paddie Naismith, who won the Ladies Cup in the Ulster Motor Rally last August. She is seen beside her Standard Avon coupé on a Little Nine chassis

JUST A QUESTION

OF HOW MUCH YOU WANT TO SPEND

THE NEW FORD DE LUXE FORDOR SALOON, AT CHENIES, BUCKS

You cannot buy a better, more completely-equipped, more capable, serviceable, useful car. And it *looks* good, *looks* as good as it is! If you must spend for spending's sake, you can pay more; but you can't buy more motor car, more motoring, than is offered in *The New* FORD *"De Luxe" Fordor Saloon* £225 AT WORKS, MANCHESTER. If fitted with 14.9 h.p. Engine, £5 extra. Nothing of its carrying-capacity and performance costs so little, to buy, to run, or to keep in first-rate order, year after year. FORD maintenance is feather-light, thanks to FORD Facilities, ubiquitous, unique, with a definite, fixed, low charge for every service operation, every replacement. The Nearest FORD Dealer will show you, and tell you, that for economy coupled with efficiency, comfort harnessed to performance, you can spend much more than FORD *prices*, but you cannot buy better than FORD *value*.

EQUIPMENT

Safety glass windscreen, illuminated direction indicators, four hydraulic double-acting shock absorbers, four-wheel brakes, front and rear bumpers, five detachable wheels and tyres, cellulose and stainless steel finish, combination stop and tail light, dash light, thief-proof ignition lock, speedometer, petrol gauge, automatic windscreen-wiper, grease-gun lubrication, sunshine roof, disappearing centre arm in rear seat, arm rests, and full tool kit.

LINCOLN Ford FORDSON

AIRCRAFT

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED
88 Regent Street, London, W 1. Trafford Park, Manchester

MOTOR NOTES (continued from page ii)

new models of six and eight cylinders or even more. One famous Continental firm announces a new super-luxury twelve-cylinder car; another retains a magnificent sixteen-cylinder model; while there are round about a dozen new Sixes and Eights to choose from. Such cars will attract an admiring crowd. In times of financial stress, however, I wonder whether sales will justify the loving care bestowed upon them by designers whose minds, seemingly, are above the sordid financial worries which trouble the ordinary man.

IN THE NEWS

Pastures New

Vans and lorries are not my forte, but sometimes it is worth remembering that they are, after all, motor cars, and that some of our biggest private car firms are also large producers of commercial vehicles. You cannot really divide the classes. If we are going to make good in one class, we have got to make good in the other. The other day I saw the largest Morris-Commercial chassis displayed with as much loving care as is ever devoted to a new private car. I shall not attempt to detail its specification beyond saying that it looked a very workmanlike job. Chief interest, however, centres on its remarkably low price. It is designed to capture a new market for British motor vehicles of its type, and that is the reason I refer to it in these Notes. It shows what a British concern can do when it tries. I hope we shall go on trying.

One-make Car Clubs

The one-make car club is growing in popularity. Its sporting activities are such as will appeal to the average owner-driver who has neither the money nor the inclination to invest in an out-and-out racing car. But, though the trials and rallies are designed to attract the owner of an ordinary standard model, they give plenty of scope to the man who rather fancies himself at the wheel. Another activity, too, that appeals to motorists of all ages is the social run, which is nothing more strenuous than a well-planned holiday outing. For most of our popular makes there is now a club of this kind; and proposals, I hear, are being put forward to organise a club for Standard owners. The scheme is still somewhat in the air; but, judging from the results achieved with other one-make clubs, it ought to prove highly successful.

The special Barker Sedanca de Ville on a 40/50 h.p. Rolls-Royce chassis which won the Grand Prix d'Honneur at the Juan-les-Pins Concours d'Elégance. It is cellulosed in pale green and the interior is upholstered in pale green leather

New Stutz "Bearcat"

There is no end to the number of cars named after animals and insects (most of them, by the way, particularly unpleasant creatures). The latest addition to this motoring zoo is the "Bearcat," a new model in the Stutz range, of which Warwick Wright, Ltd., are the sole concessionaires in this country. This new model is in reality "Bearcat II," since an earlier Stutz with the same ferocious name appeared on the market fifteen years ago. Fitted with the new straight eight "D.V.32" engine, it has a guaranteed speed of 100 m.p.h. D.V., by the way, has no religious significance, but stands for "dual valve"; while the figure 32 indicates the actual number of vales, i.e., two inlet and two exhaust valves to each cylinder. This, it is claimed, gives the effect not of eight, but of sixteen cylinders. Safety features already fitted as standard on existing models, such as hydraulic brakes with a vacuum "booster," are retained in the new "D.V.32" models. Rumours that Stutz were in low water are, I hear, quite unfounded. Even in the present depression the company is not merely carrying on, but is making a profit. E. M. W.

Quality Mated

There is almost magic in the name "Rolls-Royce"—as there is almost magic in the car. For there is built into every Rolls-Royce quality which the whole world has tried in vain to equal.
What oil shall serve "the Best Car in the World"? Rolls-Royce Ltd. choose Castrol—and who, on such a subject, is better able to judge?
Yet Castrol costs no more than lesser oils. Therefore, let it preserve your car, for to you, yours is "the most important car in the world."

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The Sphinx and the Chefren Pyramid, Near Cairo.

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—during **November, December and January** when the climate is ideal. Travel independently, luxuriously, with combined tickets at **fully inclusive special rates for the return journey,** comprising first-class Sea Passage, first-class Railway Travel, Meals in Restaurant Cars. Sleeping berths fitted luxuriously with every convenience. Full accommodation, meals and gratuities at the Leading Hotels. The journey can be made from **Marseilles, Toulon, Genoa, Venice or Trieste** by the steamship services of the **"P. & O.," "Orient," "Messageries Maritimes," "Sitmar" or "Lloyd Triestino"** to Alexandria or Port Said, thence by the Egyptian State Railways to **Cairo, Luxor and Assuan.**

Combined Tickets, Illustrated Brochure and further information may be obtained from
THE STEAMSHIP COMPANIES, OFFICES of COOK-WAGONS-LITS AMERICAN EXPRESS CO., COX & KINGS, DEAN & DAWSON also at the EGYPT TRAVEL BUREAU, 60, Regent St., London W.1

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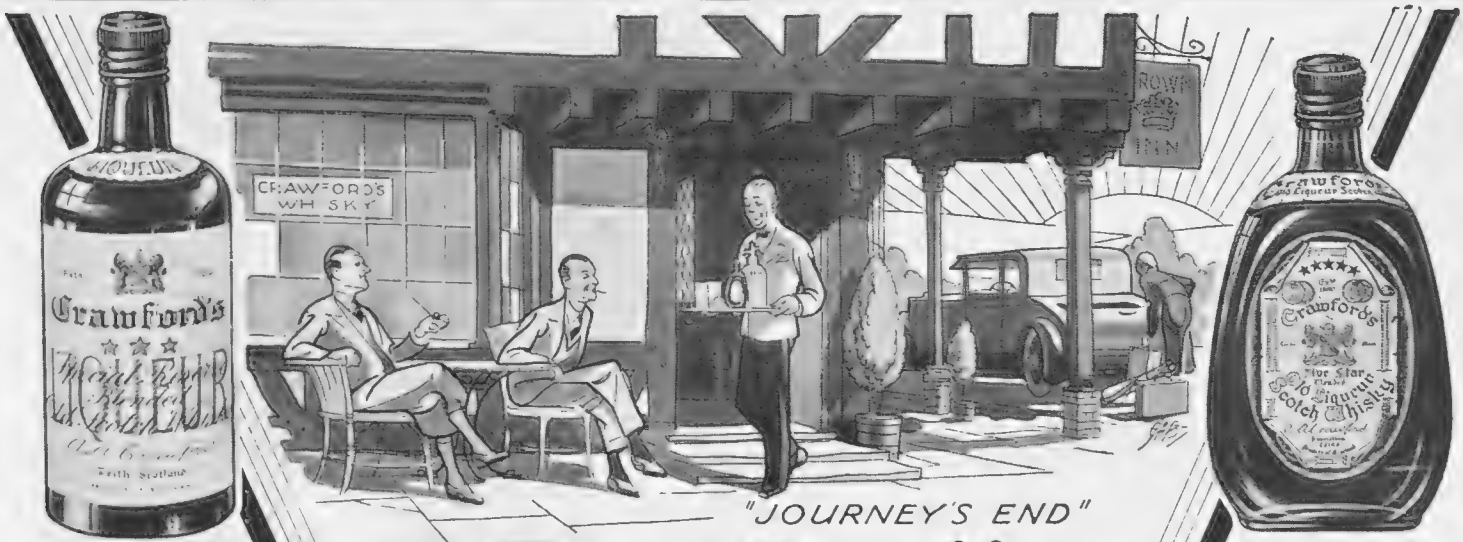

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AND THE SAFETY VACUUM CAP

A. & A. CRAWFORD — LEITH, SCOTLAND.
London Office:- 24-26, Monument Street, E.C.3.

THE GOURMET — Conducted by Emilia

Omelette aux Champignons

BREAK four eggs into a basin, add one tablespoonful of cream and one tablespoonful of chopped mushrooms; also pepper and salt to taste. Melt about one ounce of butter in an omelette pan, pour in the eggs, and stir over the fire until the mixture begins to set; then roll up into cushion shape. Allow the omelette to get a golden colour and turn out quickly on to a hot dish. Sprinkle a little grated cheese over the omelette and serve at once.

Poulet en Casserole

LINE the bottom of an earthenware fireproof casserole with thinly cut slices of bacon, a carrot, and one small sliced onion. Put in 1 oz. of butter and let it melt over the fire. Place in the casserole a fowl cut up into small joints. Let it get a golden-brown colour on each side. Now add a small bouquet of herbs (parsley, thyme, and bayleaf), eight small shallots peeled and fried in butter, and three tomatoes. Moisten with half a pint of stock and a gill of brown sauce. Cover the pan and cook in a fairly hot oven for one hour. Baste it occasionally during the cooking. Take out the fowl, strain the sauce and skim it, and put both the fowl and sauce back in the casserole with the bacon and shallots; serve in the casserole.

Luncheon

CANTALOUP GLACÉ.

OMELETTE AUX CHAMPIGNONS.

POULET EN CASSEROLE.

POMMES DE TERRE FRITES.

CHOUXFLEUR À LA CRÊME.

POMMES À LA NEIGE.

RAMEQUINS AU FROMAGE.

CAFÉ.

Pommes à la Neige

BAKE six large apples; take care that they do not brown or get discoloured. Pulp them through a sieve and leave till cold. Beat them up with a whisk till white and frothy. Add the whites of two eggs, beaten stiff; sprinkle in gradually ½ lb. of sifted sugar and continue beating until like whipped cream. In the bottom of the glass dish put six sponge cakes cut in halves, with jam between each slice. Pour over them one glassful of sherry and one wineglassful of water mixed. Leave it to soak one hour. Pile the apple snow over the cakes, ornament with angelica and crystallised cherries.

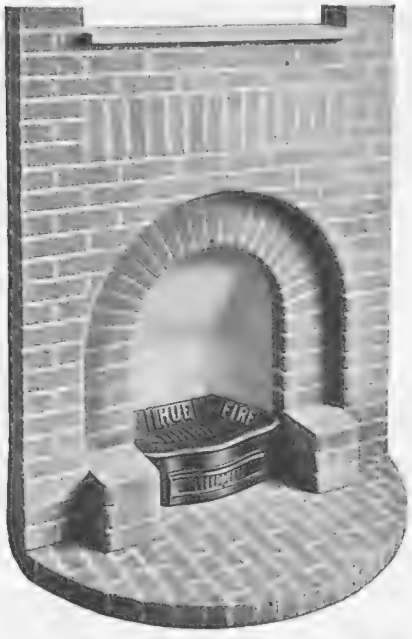
Ramequins au Fromage

MIX together 3 oz. of grated cheese, one tablespoonful of flour, one egg, one teacupful of milk, a pinch of salt; place in ramequin dishes and bake for ten minutes.

THE EDITOR'S BOX

"Hue" Fires

Not only is the barless "Hue" Fire a real blessing as regards the wonderful heat which it gives out, but, equally important in these difficult days, it is most economical in its fuel consumption. Indeed, it is estimated that the saving in this respect effected by the "Hue," without loss of heat or cheerfulness, varies from 33⅓ to 50 per cent. at least, according to the type of bar grate at present in use. The model "Hue" suite illustrated on this page is eminently suitable for a labour-saving cottage and, all in, costs but £10. At the showrooms of Messrs. Young and Marten, Ltd., may be seen very many delightful models suitable for all types and sizes of rooms, and all at essentially reasonable prices. The London showrooms are at Stratford, E.15, whilst other showrooms are at Southend-on-Sea and Brentford, W. A fully illustrated catalogue of 5,000 designs will be sent to any reader who applies to the above firm at Caledonian Works, Stratford, E.15.



The "Crayford" fireplace of red brick, pointed, with recessed bullnose arch, side hobs and raised hearth. The fine cast black "Hue" fire makes this most suitable for a labour-saving cottage

The Blue Train

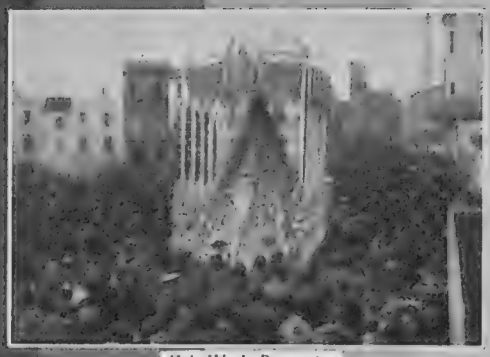
The Blue Train, after running during the summer months but three times weekly, will again resume its daily service, both from Calais and from Paris, to all stations on the Riviera on and from Saturday, October 3 next, and will be composed entirely of first-class single-berth staterooms inter-communicating at will, and restaurant cars.

A decorative electric-light fitting from Messrs. Hampton, of Pall Mall East. The figure of the sprite is in bronzed metal, with face and hands of carved ivory. Standing on a marble base, it is fitted with a tilting shade in semi-transparent Celestoid

Enter Rugger

No follower of the game can afford to be without that invaluable guide, "The Rugby Football Annual for 1931-2." Published by Sporting Handbooks, Ltd., 23, Fleet Street, E.C.4, at 2s., it is a veritable mine of useful information, and includes among other features a review of International, Services, Varsity, County, Hospital and Club Rugger, addresses of secretaries of National Unions, records of the most important matches of last season, a very interesting review entitled "Rugby History in Brief," and a list of the present Rugby Union officials.

SMILE (SPAIN)


Holy Week. Procession.

Holy Week. Procession.

Riders in Andalusian Dress.

Fair. Andalusian Chariot.

Andalusian Fete

Folding of Bulls.

Holy Week. Procession.

Romeria (Religious fete).

VISIT SPAIN where Sun is Shining and Life is Smiling

The country of Romance, which offers attractions of many kinds. A journey across Spain takes one through towering mountains into villages with a charm all their own, inhabited by conservative, picturesque peasants whose courtesy is proverbial. In sharp distinction to this Arcadian existence, cities abound, impressive with churches, gracious with ruins and relics of days gone by. For the artist there are not only pictures painted by great craftsmen, but also those limned on the canvas of the sky.

On the purely material side, Spain offers comfort unexcelled by any country in the world. Though intensely conservative, even primitive in parts, the most modern conveniences are available. Together with this there is a geniality of welcome extended by the Spanish which enhances the more solid attractions of the land. In these days of economic depression money is a prime consideration. Spain is essentially an inexpensive country. Even the most luxurious hotels are considerably cheaper than those of equal rank in many other lands, while hotels of the second class are moderate and offer every possible comfort to the patron.

For all information and literature apply to the Offices of the National Board for Travel in Spain, at **PARIS,** 12, *Boulevard de la Madeleine;* **NEW YORK,** 695, *Fifth Avenue;* **ROME,** 9, *Via Condotti;* **GIBRALTAR,** 63-67, *Main Street. At* **LONDON** *and other cities apply to Cook's and Wagons Lits, The American Express, Dean & Dawson, Ltd., or any other Travel Agency.*

New Values in

Overcoats

Autumn is in the air—Economy is in season

ROBINSON & CLEAVER are now showing their new Autumn Overcoats at prices that are in keeping with to-day's economy trend. These garments are tailored from the purest Scotch, Irish and West of England woollen tweeds—long wearing and good looking, for town or country wear. To measure or ready for service. Patterns with pleasure. Inspect these serviceable overcoats before the days get *really* chilly.

from **84/-**

WARM DRESSING GOWNS

Pure Wool Dressing Gowns, of medium weight, bound cord and girdle at waist to tone. In Lovat, Blue, Grey and Heather mixtures. Sizes 36 to 46 inches, chest measurement. EACH

These gowns are usually sold at 45/-. Special offer at **30/-**

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ON each door, on every wall of the multifold departments in the Moores' Factory, there is blazoned the proud message *"Keep up the quality."* Not a whip for the worker, this, but an ever-present reminder of the ideal to be striven for—an ideal that has made famous the name of Moores as makers of the best fur hats for nearly three-quarters of a century.

¶ *Moores' Hats are sold from Twelve Shillings and Sixpence upwards.*

Moores HATS

J. MOORES & SONS, LTD.,
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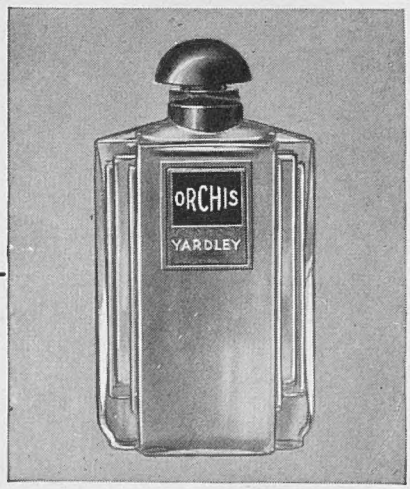

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"In November of 1817 the Grand Duchess of Saxe-Coburg wrote in her diary: 'The courier has arrived . . . Charlotte is dead! Good God! . . . No mortal can understand why this beautiful flower should fade at the morning of her life and drop off without fruit, with which she would have blessed her country.'

The Princess Charlotte's death robbed the English Crown of its heiress, but it also opened up the way to the Victorian succession and to a love story as tender as any in a graceful century.

A little time after Princess Charlotte's death the Duke of Kent crossed Europe to marry Princess Victoria of Saxe-Coburg. Less than a year after this the Duke and the Duchess crossed Europe again, the Duke himself on the box of the carriage, so that they might be in England when their baby was born. The baby was to be Queen Victoria. Once on the slopes of Gibraltar, a gipsy had told the Duke that his daughter would be a great Queen, and it was not conceivable to him that she should be born in any country but England.

Later in the year Prince Albert was born in Coburg, and his mother wrote that he was 'pretty as an angel, with big blue eyes, a beautiful nose, quite a small mouth and dimples in his cheeks . . . He smiles the whole time.'

Sixteen years passed before Prince Albert came to England, to meet his future bride ...."

In "Queen Victoria's Love Story" by Hector Bolitho.

Some of the letters quoted in this article are from the Archives of Coburg and have never before been published in England.

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